THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THOMAS MOORE.

The 115th Anniversary of the Great Irish Poet

Appropriately Celebrated by Many of His Kindred at Central Music Hall.

The Rev. Dr. Charles O'Reilly's Masterful, Analytical Discourse

On the Life, Career and Purpose of the Immortal Bard.

The celebration of the 115th anniversary of the birth of Thomas Moore at Central Music hall on last Monday evening, May 28, was an enthusiastic affair in point of spirit, although hardly up to the occasion in point of numbers. The oration of the Rev. Dr. Charles O'Reilly, of Michigan, was the salient feature of the evening, and it is not too much to say of it that an abler discourse on an Irish literary subject was never delivered in this city. He completely won the hearts of his audience and analyzed the character and genius of Moore with the brain and tongue of a scholar and an orator. In fact THE CITIZEN sincerely considers Dr. O'Reilly among the foremost orators of America, and such was the general verdict of those who heard him on Monday evening. It affords us exceeding pleasure to be able to present our readers with a verbatim report of his lecture in this issue of THE CITIZEN.

The singing of Mr. C. H. Brittan, Miss M. Blanche Foulke and M. J. Murphy was liberally applauded. They [illegible] most pleasantly with some of Moore's most charming melodies.

The exercises did not begin until 8:30 o'clock when the Rev. P. J. Muldoon, chancellor of the archdiocese, accompanied by Mr. P. McHugh, vice chairman of the Moore memorial committee, and the Rev. Fathers Carroll, O'Sullivan, Dwyer, O'Connell, McGuire, Cannon, McDonnell, Smith, Maloney, Van Pelt, Agnew, Scanlon, Greene, Cartan, Gilday, T. O'Sullivan, Hennessey, Dorney, Mr. O'Higgins, of Boston, Mass. and other gentlemen, appeared on the stage. Their appearance was greeted with continued applause, which was redoubled when the person of the Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, the lecturer of the evening, was recognized.

Mr. McHugh made some very appropriate opening remarks in introducing the Rev. Father Muldoon to preside. Among other things Mr. McHugh remarked that the celebration of a sentiment in regard to the merits of Thomas Moore was a labor of love. It might not be immediately successful, but it would lead to the fostering of the proper kind of spirit and some day, no doubt, a statue of the poet would beautify some of our public parks in company of those of the illustrious poets of other races.

Mr. Murphy, who was received with applause, sang "Remember the Glories," with such effect that he was recalled and rendered a lighter selection to the satisfaction of the audience.

After renditions by Miss Foulke and Mr. Brittan, the Rev. Father Muldoon, who was enthusiastically applauded, made a brief address, in which he paid a high tribute to the genius of Moore, and remarked that his life and purpose were in excellent hands when dealt with by the Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, whom he had the pleasure of introducing.

The Lecture.

Dr. O'Reilly, when the applause which greeted his rising had subsided, spoke as follows:

American Independence was three years old. The British, with characteristic ingenuity, were investing Charlestown in denial of its birth and existence; and Paul Jones was sweeping the cobwebs from their brains and their commerce from the seas, in the capacity of an ego contra, when, in a latitude a little farther north than the upper shore of Lake Superior, Tom Moore was born. It is strange that Ireland situated so far north should have a climate rivalling that of southern latitudes; but that country is a land of marvels; God has clustered more miracles within her borders than has favored any other land except Palestine. Her sons have been the wonder of all ages—and one of these was Moore. A circumstance of his birth is worth relating. His parents had rented rooms in their house to a gentleman of convivial habits; a number of select spirits had surrounded him for a festive night, when the servant entered and requested that they suspend their revelries, in consideration of the mother and child. The gallant host at once acceded to the request. It was then O'Connell's future friend, Jerry Keller, approved of the adjournment *pro re nota*, "for the thing born." So it was still listening to the sounds of merriment, to which she had become accustomed, that this noble lady gave birth to the greatest of Irish poets. That he was a poet, I shall agree to consider tonight as accidental; my main contention being that he was a typical Irishman and that the type was very high. I say this advisedly, because from the day that an alien ritual was read over his inanimate form and the cold Wiltshire clods chucked in upon his coffin, a cool ill-defined alienating atmosphere has brooded over his memory in the minds of many of his fellow countrymen—and this ought not to be. For, if ever Ireland had a son whose life was bound to hers by chains of adamant, whose heart went ever out to her in swelling tides of devotion, whose soul reveled in ecstacy at contemplation of her glories, or burned with lethal rage at sight of her misfortunes and sorrows—I fear not to say it—that man was Moore. (Applause). He was Irish and nothing else. Irish in his filial affection, Irish in his domestic devotion, Irish in his patriotism and his profound religious conviction. I am far from proclaiming for him an exclusive proprietorship of these qualifications. No shade of the mighty dead would scowl upon such an effort more intensely than his. These qualities conspire to fix the true standard of Irish manhood, and are not necessarily allied with learning or genius like Moore's. It would be enough for me, if, to-night, I hold him up to the high standard of his national type. I have seen it presented in the famished features of the peasant, as he came for the first time, from Lysmore Cassuemara and gazed with open-eyed astonishment at the tawdry splendors of a poverty-stricken inland town. I have followed that fellow to the harvest fields of England, and there seen him toil and starve beside his Saxon co-laborer—who must have his beef and ale—and have seen him do and endure that he might husband the extra shillings for the wife and children, the father and mother, the younger brothers and sisters at home in Holy Ireland—while, all the time, in his inmost soul, he regarded the man beside him, and the master over him, of foreign blood and alien creed with a contempt akin to that entertained by the Israelite of old for the uncircumcised, whom God allowed to lord it over him only that the divine wrath might thus in time be awakened, and the impious be more uttetly destroyed. (Applause.)

Nothing in this world has been more signal than the failure inscribed upon the Englishman's endeavor to make the Irishman a creature of his thought. He has carried his defences by cannon and sword; he has laid illegitimate hands on his possessions; he has swathed his form in rags and pinched his face with hunger—but he has never been able, no, not in the slightest degree, to approach or touch his soul. No! he may submit to his yoke with evil grace, he may dwell and toil in his country, he may embark in his ships and plant for him the distant colony, but under no circumstances, will the Irishman ever accept the Englishman's standard of thought. And in any and every case where we are called to sit in judgment upon the all important question of the individuality of our race, I submit that it should be the principle of our Celtic ethics to get a man's thought. Let us hear him, or read him, or study him, and we will determine easily and infallibly. Has he an Irish thought? Now, take up Tom Moore and read him line by line, every recorded incident from the history of his extraordinary career, and tell me, after due reflection, can you catch a glimpse from that rich mental reprrtoire of a thought that was not eminently Irish? But, if I have established this, I have established much. For I have not to plead the superiority, in energy, in intensity, in spiritual refinement of Irish intelectuality in quality at least. It has been too forcefully illustrated through the ages to the nations, and by few, if by any, more than by Moore himself. It accounts for what the Encyclopedia Britannica calls "the most extraordinary incident in the history of our literature, the instantoneousness with which the son of an humble Dublin grocer, just out of his teens, on his first visit to London, captivated the fashionable world and established himself in the course of a few months as one of its prime favorites!" It was not his personal magnetism, though he was not without it; it was not his engaging manners, though he knew how to be agreeable; it was not to his minstrelsy, which was allowed to be faulty; it was the fact that he turned upon ripened intellects the pure tide of lustral Irish thought, and to those intellects it came like the chorus of angels to the wakeful shepherds amid the chill dews of the winter night at Bethlehem—it was not merely music, it was revelation. It enchanted such men as Thierry, the French historian who exclaimed, "Ireland, the elder child of the Celtic race! The island of saints; Land of poets; of bold thinkers, of John Erigena, of Berkley, of Toland, of Moore and O'Connell. Land of brilliant speech and of lightening sword, which in the senility of the world still preserved the original power of poetry." It vanquished the haughty Byron, an Irish hater by birth and character and into the declaration that "there was something so warm, so sublime in the core of an Irishman's heart that I envy the dead." It won suchmen as Willis and Washington Irving even at sight. It melted Rogers and Sidney Smith and Christopher North into tears. It delighted Scott, Campbell, Jeffrey, MacCaulay, Sheridan, Shiel and O'Connell with its indigenous strains. It spoke to the European world with its unhesitating, unobstructed accents of a mother's voice.

The Orient opened its dreamy eyes at the approach of the sympathetic sounds, and extracted the vernacular thought from the Saxon dialect in which it was enveloped:

"I'm told dear Moore, your lays are sung,
(Can this be true you lucky man?)
By moonlight in the Persian tongue
Along the streets of Ispahan."

—Lutterel.

What is it I mean to say? That there is something unique, especial and distinctive in Irish thought. C'est moi: That is just what I mean, and would you know it all or know it better, familiarize yourself with Moore. It is a rich and varied thought balancing from grave to gay; now as joyous as the note of the nightingale, now as plaintive as the plover's song; betimes as gentle as the zephyr's breath and anon scorching as the fiery touch of the fierce sirocco.

[Here Father O'Reilly quoted "Oh for a Tongue to Curse the Slave," from the Fire Worshipers, and mentioned in that connection the name of the informer, LeCaron.]

It has been said that although Moore commenced life as a patriot, he sank, in after years, into the condition of a mere Whig or Liberal, all sentiment of Irish nationality having died out of him. The imputation is an unjust one. It was utterly impossible to divest such a soul of the love of motherland so long as reason crowned her throne on the apex of that lofty mind. No person has done more to make the world understand the real relationship subsisting between the Irish soul and the Irish soil, to teach the alien that the cause of Ireland is not an affair of vulgar material interests, but is woven as inextricably around the Irish heart as the net work of arteries through which it draws the blood, and the delicate machinery of nerves by which it receives and communicates its impressions, that it has all the passionate romance and pathetic glow of love, that it is invested with something of the mysterious sanctity of religion. No man with heart or brain can read Moore and not become convinced that patriotism is a passion of the Irish heart, which is blent with whatever is ennobling and divine in Irish nature. It dawns upon us like the memory of the first fond gaze of a mother's loving eyes. It is the whispered poetry of childhood's hours. It is the song that is sung by every gurgling brook in the land, for every brooklet in Ireland has been encrimsoned with the blood of heroes. It is the weird voice that comes to us from the green hillsides where our fathers lie sleeping, for every Irish hillside has been sown with heroic dead. Moore has crammed his pages with the records of their noble deeds, with the triumphs of their tragic deaths. He could be said to have penned his lines with the blood of the martyred heroes of his nation. He deified their deeds in allegorical epics that are without parallel for pathos and passion. He entwined their names with imperishable strains of music which wafted them over the world. What is the burden of his melodies? the inspiration of his epics, the acidity of his satires, the soul of his lyrics but Ireland, her scenery, her sons, and her sadness? Moore never could have so written of Ireland if he did not think Ireland; as well might you suppose the psalms of David to have emanated from a soul but superficially in love with God. The condition of Ireland has been such that ordinary language is inadequate to express her wrongs. Some unusual agency of speech must be employed, such as poetry, parable or prayer, and these Moore wielded with unexampled vigor and unequalled skill. When estimating his character the condition of Ireland ought never to be be lost sight of. (Applause).

It is almost impossible for any one of the present day to realize the political and social condition of the Catholics in that country a century since. The defeat in the Williamnite war following quickly the defeat of the civil war in 1641, penal law followed after penal law, increasing in savage barbarity until the code had reached its climax of fiendish atrocity about the time Moore's father was born. It was but a little before the time of Moore's own birth that a gentleman holding the position and title of Lord Chancellor stated from the bench, "that the laws did not presume a Papist to exist in the kingdom, nor could they breathe without the connivance of government." From 1665 exercise of the office of professor, schoolmaster or tutor by a Catholic was declared penal, and from 1695 the education of the Catholics abroad was prohibited. Moore was 13 years old before Catholics were allowed to open schools in Ireland. I need not avert to the repeated confiscations of the estates of Catholics, to the laws which prevented them from holding land, on lease to their exclusion from corporate and municipal bodies as well as from the practice of the liberal professions and the forfeiture of the horse if he were worth $25 or more. Still the darkest hour of the penal night may be said to have been that which measured the distance between Emmet and O'Connell, when it was transportation for three or more Irishmen to be found conversing together, and when Irishmen were rung outside the gates of Irish cities like lepers at sundown by the sound of the evening bell. This reference to the condition of the Catholics of Ireland at the period of Moore's birth, and after, is absolutely necessary if we would fairly estimate his courage, his patriotism and the political influence he exercised on his age. It has been too much the habit to detach Moore's character from the environment of the time, and judge it by standards that are anochronisms, historically and philosophically unsound and unjust. As well might we consider Washington apart from the War of Independence or O'Connell abstracted from Emancipation. It was a crime to christen Tom Moore, yet he was christened; it was a penal offense to educate him; yet he became a great scholar; the colleges were closed against him; yet he went through with all the honors they could confer, and ripened into a lofty-souled liberal-minded man; it was "treason to love his country and death to defend her;" yet he loved her passionately and defended her effectively. He was not the stuff of which military martyrs like Robert Emmet are made. He had not in him the material of an active politician like O'Connell. His genius led him in different directions, but his heart was none the less a good warm heart, full of love and friendship, fidelity and patriotism, which overflowed in songs of sympathy and sorrow—songs that will be remembered to the end of time. (Applause).

Though small of stature, in physical courage we know he was not wanting. If it be objected that he was not implicated in Emmet's insurrection, how much of this may we not attribute to the generous, self-sacrificing spirit of his friend? These two young men so attached to each other in youth, are, each in his own way, admirable types of the Irishman. One is a strange mixture of gentleness, tenderness, modesty, terrible determination, obstinacy if you will, utter self-abnegation, all included in the very highest nobility of the soul. The other was gay, genial, kindly, affectionate, feeling the Irish tragedy to the marrow of his bones, but not possessed of the vocation to follow his devoted and doomed brother unto death. For national, no less than religious martyrdom must have its call. Circumstances ordinarily reveal the will of God. And in political revolutions, as in religious convulsions, all are not meant to die. Here, no less than there, the intruder is left unsupported by the grace we call opportune, in a vain glorious pretension, and makes as a rule poor and profitless work of his undertaking. Never was a vocation to national martyrdom more definitely marked than was that of Robert Emmet. He was called to die for his country, and never did man make death more profitable.

The death of Moore would have done no good at all. Nay; what was sublime in Emmet would have hardly failed to be ridiculous in Moore. Emmet died, and Moore wept and sang over his grave. From that grave a ghost is forever rising and going forth upon its walk around the world. It is no longer imprisoned within the limits of the land he died to save. It floats over the ocean in music's misty mantle and stalks through the land of the stranger. It weaves its magic spell around the youth of Irish birth or blood, captivates his senses and enlists his soul in the lost enterprise. Through the darkness of night that music wafts those plaintive words to his imagination like voices of the night-wind from his own motherland. It steals into his mind laden with the memory of a wrong unavenged and a strife unfinished, of a hope which only brightened in suffering and which no human weapon could subdue. It carries with it the conviction that, so long as the epitaph remains unwritten his mission is unfulfilled. It fires his heart and sends the blood boiling through his veins, till all unconsciously his nerves are strung for heroic deeds and even for reckless enterprises. This is not the language of fancy. Far less is it exaggeration. I come from a city whose native-born but recently went forth and coolly perished in a desperate attempt to blow up London bridge, not because he envied any man his wealth or station, not that he entertained any animosity toward civil society, nor had he any quarrel with humanity. No; but because Robert Emmet was butchered like a beast, and his epitaph remained unwritten. I knew him well; so did many of you. He was sedate and thoughtful, tender, brave and tranquil. I have rarely known a more religious soul. I once found him weeping in a corner while "Breathe not his name" was being sung in the parlor adjacent. I have ever since found a fearful significance in the lines:

"And the tear that we shed though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls." (Applause.)

The young Protestant aristocrat, Emmet, obeyed the divine "call" and died for his countrymen all, without distinction of race or creed, and the son of the Catholic peasant exile gave life for life, to "keep green the martyr's memory;" and by this shall all men know what a spiritual intensity lies deep down in Irish patriotism. Between Robert Emmet and William Mackay Lomasney, there would seem to have been an infinite distance, Moore brought them very close together. Wanton vengeance for vengeance's sake is not a passion of the Irish heart. The Celtic race is a race ruled by its spiritual instincts rather than by those more ravenous virtues we share with the hyenas and wolves, and a race clad in the celestial armor of faith and hope is imperishable, no matter how disarmed, bare and degraded it may appear in the eyes of a triumphant soldiery or of a more ruthless legislature. Moore thoroughly appreciated this. He knew how, in that dark penal-night I have mentioned, the song of "Drimmin Dhu Deilish" or the "Black Bird," sung low around the winter turf-fire in the sheiling, had more influence to preserve the spirit of Irish nationality than all the enactments of coercion ministries, enforced by all the might of England, was able to counteract, and he set himself resolutely to the task of binding up with the national music, those memories of an honest, noble past—that spirit of defiance to the misfortunes of the present—those hopes in a golden future which will never cease to act upon the Irish organization while a drop of Celtic blood courses in a human vein. (Applause).

It is the claim I make for Moore that he knew as well what he was doing while he lived as Emmet did when he died. "I would hold that life any more than death were unprofitable" cried Emmet, "while a foreign power held my country in subjection." It is the imperishable glory of these men that they did their work with malice aforethought, and precisely at a time when action was imperatively demanded. The fires of liberty that lit the hillsides in '98 had been queuched in blood. The leaders of the Irish people had been banished or slain; the inquitous Union had been effected with circumstances of atrocity that have no parallel in history. The neck of the devoted nation had been placed in chancery under England's iron arm, where she was for all time to be kept quiet—when like a meteor from the sky rendered incandescent by the rapidity of its approach to earth and bursting from suppressed emotion, young Emmet came with lightning sword and flashing eye—appeared and died, crying like Winkelreid "Make way for liberty." It was Ireland's answer and defiance to English power and perfidy to wrest from her her autonomy or shake her trust in Freedom's God. That death showed England and showed the world how Ireland was to be kept in subjection. It fixed the seal upon the resolve of Irish manhood never to submit to a colonial existence. But, my friends, I believe that his death would have lost half its force, had Moore not lived to give it meaning; and with this view in head and this purpose kept steadily in hand, I dare to believe that it was as heroic in him to live as in Emmet to die. For think again of the time, think of the conditions: After the terrible disaster of the Williamite war following close upon the footsteps of the confederacy of 1641, after the hangings and the burnings and wholesale confiscations and banishments of 1798, after the brutal and powerful and sanguinary suppression of 1803, he still was found, the plucky little fellow, to fearlessly, artlessly take up the part of his country, with the inspiration of a bard of ancient Israel, and fling it proudly, fiercely in the face of a scornful, scoffing world. In the very face of defeat and disaster and wreck and ruin, he dared to assert that he still had a country—a country with a past that could not be taken from it, that her glories were imperishable, her history indestructable, her heroes sublime. Aye, when Ireland was lying before her conqueror, as dead as a corpse on a dissecting table, he seized her harp and made her very cord vibrate with her heroic history from Brian Borohme to the martyred Emmet. He dared to remind the exultant foeman that when England had yielded to the Dane and stretched out its neck to the yoke of the feudal Norseman, he had a country which had offered to the invader the attitude of uncompromising war. "Remember the glories of Brian the Brave;" that Ireland had a people stamped with the undeniable devices of freedom and refinement. "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls"—that they had peace, order, and civilization. "Rich and rare were the gems she wore"—that at a time when the coasts of Italy were darkened by the Saracen invasions, when feudal Germany was laid waste before the arrows of the Hungarians, and the hoofs of the Lombard horse were trampling on the vineyards of the South, Ireland lay far away amid the billows of the Atlantic, an island devoted to the cultivation of religion and the peaceful sciences, the home of christian letters and the nursery of christian virtues. "Like the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane;" he pointed out to his own people that they had a country worth fighting and dying for. (Applause.) "There's not in the wide world a valley so sweet;" and that Ireland had sons who were proud and felt blest to die for her still, as he put in the mouth of his murdered friend those deathless words, addressed to his country,

"O blest are the lovers and friends who shall live,
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee."

And I say that next in order of benediction, was the blessing of binding up that sentiment with imperishable strains of music and sending it forth upon the wild winds to accompany Emmet's ghost and give it voice through time and space, and so make his memory as effective as it is immortal. Aye, and I repeat, the best of all is that he knew what he was doing.

"The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive and weep."

Ireland will remember and love both these men, but Moore more for the sake of Emmet than for his own very extraordinary claims upon her gratitude. These claims would be paramount though he had done nothing more than snatch from obscurity so much of the sweet, wild, pathetic music floating over our hills and through our valleys, and preserved it to us for all time, by linking it with his own tender and charming verse. The Irish Melodies, words and music, are unique. If every other production of his genius were destroyed or forgotten, these alone would immortalize his memory and establish a claim to the enduring gratitude of his country. Closely examined in comparison with the national lyrics of any other people or age—Pagan, Jew or Christian, Oriental, European, Greek or Roman, ancient or modern—we find no such other collection. Ballads, songs lays, odes and historiettes abound indeed in all lands, in all tongues and at all periods, differing in culture and in form. But, so far as known, no attempt has ever been made to embody so many characteristics of a nation, its social life, scenery, manners and customs; legends, traditions, victories and defeats; its dark history and bright hopes in lyric form wedded to music, familiar by its antiquity and its winning pathos to the entire people; strains that stimulated ages before their ancestors in battle; that inspirited their dances and athletic games, that proclaimed their triumphs and softened their defeats. Analyze the lyric poetry of any country you choose, ancient or modern, and you will find that it covers a comparatively small portion only of the life and history of the people; whereas the subjects of the Irish melodies range over nearly the entire scope of Irish life past and present. The appearance of the first number produced a profound political impression. They were the most effective auxiliaries brought up to support the eloquence of O'Connell in the struggle for the Catholic emancipation. They served to immense advantage in the agitation for popular education, parliamentary reform, the tithe war, and the church disestablishment.

So, this man, who has been accused of a want of patriotism, served through three campaigns and scarcely wrote on any other theme! In fact the astonishing thing about it all, is, that he was read with such avidity throughout Europe, whilst he hardly wrote anything but Ireland. (Applause.) To point out particulars were a task of despair, unless we consented, and the idea is a bad one, to resolve ourselves into a Chatauqua Circle with Moore's works for the one subject of research. It is the fire of the passion of Irish patriotism that illuminates his every page. Of course, as a boy, he wrote some trash, which his maturer judgment made amends for. "Few poets have sailed to Delphi without touching at Cythera." The spirit of Irish hospitality is the only apology we can offer for the composition of the "Prince's Day," and I am willing to conceded it ought not to have been written; but perfection is not to be looked for on earth, and you and I are too well acquainted with practical life, to institute such an inquisition first on a poet and an Irishman. Still I say, the more you familiarize yourself with Moore, the more will you become convinced that his patriotism was an all-absorbing, consuming passion. It was the sacred inextinguishable fire that burned upon the holy mountain—

"Tho' fled the priest, the votary gone,
Still did the mighty flame burn on
Through chame and change, thro' good and ill
Like its own God's eternal will
Deep, constant, bright—unquenchable."

The truth is he could write nothing else. He failed in the composition of Lalla Rookh, until his imagination clothed in the eastern garb his Irish conception. The four Oriental poems are only lengthened melodies in which the political and religious struggles of his own country are dramatized in Asia. "The Loves of the Angels" are grand allegories of the spiritual life, hymns, poems, and at least one book which has made its author famous, "The Gates Ajar" have sprung from suggestions in the "Loves of the Angels." I have seen some severe criticisms of these poems, but I cannot say that I ever discerned anything to admire in the mental structure of the critics. David and Solomon might well dread the effects of their productions upon such minds. Moore's satirical writings produced an immense seusation. They flash with wit and wound like swords. His mind was of diamond material; it glittered and cut. Like most of his other writings they were brought out in support of his own country; but if any statesman or political economist will peruse the productions today, I promise him compensation in the fact that he will find so many of them applicable to the somewhat abnormal circumstances which just now surround us. Moore was never engaged in any composition depending on false idiom for its wit or character. The stage representation of the Irishman, generally rendered by some idler from Vermont or Boston, passing off as "Pat Rooney" or "Larry O'Neill," has had nothing to borrow from Moore.

So what has he done to divert from him the full tide of the admiration, love, and gratitude of his countrymen? It is undeniable that his popularity has been waning since his death. Is it his success that men have come to harbor against him? It was indeed phenomenal, but was it not deserved?

"Perhaps he was not hero born
Like those he sung, heaven only knows,
He had the rose without the thorn
But he deserved the rose,
For under its gentle light
His heart was warm, his soul was strong,
He kept his love of country bright
And sung her sweetest songs."

At the time that the meteoric Lord Byron was advancing, torch in hand, to the stage of English letters, when Scott, Rogers, Crabbe, Campbell, Southey, were rushing forward to divide the attention of the English speaking world—think of the poor little fellow starting out from his home above the grocery store in Aungier street, with the "Odes of Anacreon" in his pocket and the few sovereigns and scapular his pious mother had stitched into the waistband of his trousers, going forth alone to hostile, conceited, supercilious London, and taking front rank among them all. Alone, did I say? No, not alone, for God was with him: God and his own true heart. He has been accused of playing the sycophant because he placed himself in association with the great. Where were his associations to be, if he were to do any good? What evidence is there that he ever pawned his independence for aristocratic patronage? I have studied his life somewhat intently, and so far as I can discern, he played in this particular the role of the Irishman up to the letter, viz: when there was any patronizing to be done, he did it on the other fellow, as the Prince of Wales and Duke of Wellington learned to their chagrin. The only reason he did not keep Leigh Hunt company in jail, was that his royal highness did not dare incur the odium of such an act. The patronage of the Earl of Moira has been used to Moore's prejunice in some quarters. Lord Moira was one of the most distinguished soldiers and statesmen of his age. He supported the patriotic party in Ireland, being always on the side of Grattan and Charlemont. He promoted the Catholic claims; denounced the cruelties of 1798; and opposed the Union. It was in repairing to his house to see his wife that Lord Edward Fitzgerald was set upon in Watting street, May 17, 1798, by officers of the crown, whom, after a brisk encounter, he defeated, "himself against four." Next day he was captured after the terrific conflict with which you are all familiar. Surely there was nothing in this association to compromise Moore's principles. O'Connell retained the respect for and confidence in him to the end of his life, as is shown by the fact that in 1838 he offered him the representation in parliament of the city of Limerick, the tender being made by another Irish poet, the just and gentle Gerald Griffin. Moore declined, owing entirely to his circumstances, but records that were he to go to parliament

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CLAUS HAS VIEWS.

The Sugar King's Opinion of Hawaiian Affairs.

A BREEZY TALK BY SPRECKELS.

Revolution Predicted in the Islands Before Long—Fourteen Thousand Voters, of Whom the Annexers Only Represent 3,000—A Situation That Must End in a Row, Spreckels Says—The Landing of the United States Forces.

NEW YORK, May 29.—Claus Spreckels has very positive views about the condition of Hawaii, where his sugar plantations lie. "The present provisional government," he said to an Associated Press representative, "is bound to go to smash. There has not been a revolution in the islands, but there will be one and no mistake before long. The measures by which the queen was overthrown were revolutionary enough, but the whole proceedings were as quiet as a district school election. I was there at the time and witnessed every detail. When the sailors and marines from the Boston landed with their superior rifles and machine guns resistance was, on the face of things, so useless that nothing could be done by any party that favored the maintenance of the throne.

No Show for Lili's Supporters.

"When the armed Americans were withdrawn the provisional government organized an army of 300 Germans, who had been employed on the plantations at $15 a month. The command is known as 'Die Drei Hundert,' and the troopers lie around doing nothing at $40 a month. I suggested the advisability of forming a republic in the beginning, but they were about ready to kill me for advancing such an idea. It was annexation to the United States or nothing. Since then they have written me asking me to come over and help them organize a republican government. I have told them that I was through with the whole business, and they could work out their own salvation.

Natives Not To Be Despised.

"There are 14,000 voters on the islands, and the provisional government represents but 3,000 of that number. The natives as a mass—and a large percentage of the whites—are either openly in favor of the reigning house or, at all events, opposed to the present government. The natives are not to be despised. They are smart people, many of them highly educated, and their representative leaders are men of fine attainments—orators, legislators and diplomats of no mean ability.

Revolution Declared Unavoidable.

"A revolution under the circumstances is unavoidable. So overwhelming and able a majority is not to be kept down by a show of force that a little preparation could so easily overcome. As for myself, I have disposed of the greater part of my interests on the islands, partly to my sons and partly to my partners and others. I intend to go out of business. I am old enough and have worked hard enough to have a little rest."

STATE AND NATION AT WAR.

A Legal Unpleasantness Brewing Over a Matter of Garnishee.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., May 29.—Several garnishments have lately been filed on employes of the Frisco railroad. Word has come from Federal Judge Caldwell, who is at St. Louis, that this must be stopped. The road is in the hands of receivers under the appointment of Judge Caldwell, and he says the state courts have no right to make the road a garnishee defendant. He will hold the state judiciary for contempt of court if they undertake further proceedings. Magistrates here threaten to defy the federal court's authority in the premises.

Says There Is a Misunderstanding.

DENVER, May 29.—William Howells, a member for Colorado of the national committee of United Mine Workers, who attended the Columbus meeting, has returned. He says there has been a misunderstanding of the whole question among Colorado miners and they will at once have to go all over the state so as to bring about a settlement as soon as possible or make a basis of settlement. Howells will issue a call to the miners asking them to send delegations representing each mine in Colorado, Wyoming and New Mexico to a convention to settle the question whether they will join in a general suspension of work or not.

Godfrey No Match for Maher.

BOSTON, May 29.—At the Casino Peter Maher, Ireland's champion, knocked out George Godfrey, Boston's colored heavyweight, in the sixth round after the greatest battle seen in Boston for years. It was a question whether Godfrey was "out" or not, but the fact remains that at no stage of the proceedings did the colored man hold the upper hand.

Found a Pile of Human Bones.

KNOXUE, Ia., May 29.—On a farm near West Point a quantity of partially cremated and badly decomposed bones was found buried under a pile of stones. From indications it must be the remains of six or more persons, supposed to be the victims of the Hodges border bandits, who operated in this section fifty years ago. There is nothing by which the remains could be identified.

The Times on "No. 1's" Book.

LONDON, May 29.—A leading article in The Times has for its subject P. J. Tynan (known as "No. 1"), and the book on Irish affairs which he is about to publish. The article says it is evident that the views Tynan so emphatically expresses are held by a large body of Irish-Americans. "Are we to conciliate these people," the writer asks, "as Lord Rosebery dreams, by some new home rule hocus pocus?"

Train Stealers Caught by Deputies.

SALINEVILLE, O., May 29.—A mob of strikers took possession of a train here, determined to ride free. The train was backed to the Wellsville shops and a force of deputies got aboard, and proceeded to arrest the rioters who fell off the train in all directions in their eagerness to get away. A number were arrested, and a few paid their fare and were allowed to ride.

On the Base Ball Field.

CHICAGO, May 29.—Following are the National league base ball scores: At Pittsburg—Louisville 2, Pittsburg 4; (second game) Louisville 6, Pittsburg 11; at Boston—Washington 12, Boston 18.

Declined to Enjoin a Court Martial.

ST. PAUL, May 29.—Judge Nelson has refused to restrain the court martial from proceeding with the trial of Lieutenant Maney.

UPHOLDS THE APPORTIONMENT.

Decision of Judge Creighton Rendered at Springfield, Ills.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., May 28.—Judge Creighton upholds all the legislative apportionment acts passed under the present constitution. This action was rendered in what is known as the Populist apportionment case. The case will go to the supreme court at the June term along with the Danville case. There are really two suits pending and the decision applies to both of them. Both were brought against the secretary of state by W. C. Blair of Mount Vernon, Populist candidate for the legislature.

One was a mandamus proceeding and the other a bill to enjoin the secretary of state from certifying the names of legislative candidates under the apportionment acts of 1882 or 1893. The cases are precisely alike so far as the allegations are concerned, and differ only in the mode of relief sought. A week ago the attorney general filed a demurrer to the bill in the injunction proceeding, and it was upon this demurrer that the case was argued, with the understanding that the argument should apply also to the mandamus case.

OPERATION WAS SUCCESSFUL.

Physicians Remove the Cataract from Mr. Gladstone's Eye.

LONDON, May 24.—Mr. Gladstone's right eye was successfully operated upon. Drs. Nettleship and Habershon both attended the distinguished patient in Lord Rendell's house early in the day, and some time afterward they issued a bulletin stating that the eye had been operated upon for cataract and that the operation was quite successful. Dr. John Bowring Lawford assisted the two surgeons already mentioned. Mr. Gladstone's health was well maintained after the operation and the doctors state that the result confirms the diagnosis of Dr. Grainger of Chester. The ex-premier is said to be in as good spirits as can possibly be expected.

Deadly Fight with Bank Robbers.

LONG VIEW, Tex., May 24.—Five robbers entered the first National bank of Long View. The president and cashier were ordered to hold up their hands and the robbers secured $2,500. Several officers and citizens met the robbers and a constant firing was kept up, during which George Buckingham and J. W. McQueen were killed and City Marshal Muckelroy badly wounded. One of the robbers named Bennett was killed. Over four hundred shots were fired. The remaining robbers escaped with the dead man's horse and gun. A large posse are in close pursuit.

Flood Damage in Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, May 24.—Careful estimate of the direct loss occasioned by the floods in this state place the amount at $5,000,000. The damage in Williamsport alone will not fall short of $1,000,000. The entire tobacco crop in northern Pennsylvania and southwestern New York has been destroyed. The streams generally are subsiding, but at some points the danger is not past. East Lewisburg, a village of 200 inhabitants, is entirely under water. The Lewisburg railroad bridge is irreparably damaged.

Indiana Populist Ticket.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 26.—The Populist convention nominated the following ticket: Secretary of state, C. A. Robinson; auditor, Edgar A. Perkins; treasurer, A. B. Keeport; attorney general, Silas M. Holcomb; superintendent of public instruction, A. J. Allen; supreme court clerk, J. Harvey Montgomery; state statistician, N. P. Smith; geologist, Edward Kindle; supreme court judge, Fourth district, D. W. Chambers; supreme court judge, First district, left to state committee.

Hunton and Kyle Exonerated.

WASHINGTON, May 25.—The special committee of the senate appointed to investigate the charges of attempted bribery of senators on the part of Charles W. Buttz, the North Dakota lobbyist and ex-congressman from North Carolina, has submitted its report to the senate. Buttz is found by the committee to have made the attempt at bribery, despite his denial, and Senators Hunton and Kyle are exonerated from all blame.

National Charities and Corrections.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., May 24.—The twenty-third annual session of the national conference of charities and corrections was begun at the Bijou theater. Judge R. R. Caldwell of the local committee presided. A large number attended. Mayor George B. Guild delivered the address of welcome in behalf of the city, which was responded to by William Howard Neff of Ohio. President Luruis C. Storrf of Lansing, Mich., then delivered his annual address.

Mrs. Lockwood Baffled Again.

WASHINGTON, May 29.—Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood was disappointed in her attempt to obtain leave of the United States supreme court to file a petition for a writ to compel the court of appeals of Virginia to admit her to practice at its bar. Chief Justice Fuller said that it was within the right of the Virginia court to decide whether the word "person" in its rules referred to a woman, and concluded with application denied."

Let the Old Man Die.

ROMULUS, Mich., May 29.—Thomas McClough, aged 65, a farmer living two miles east of here, died from poison, self-administered. An inquest was held before Justice Kingsley. From testimony given by the members of the family it seems that they were aware at noon that he had taken poison, but, complying with his request, they neglected calling a physician until too late. The jury returned a verdict of suicide.

Ties Up the Mayor's Power.

ROCKFORD, Ills., May 28.—Judge Crabtree has refused to dissolve the injunction restraining Mayor Hutchins from removing Fire Marshal Ed Heffron, who is a Catholic. The fight on Heffron is made by the local A. P. A.'s, the mayor being at the head of the organization.

France Sues the World's Fair.

CHICAGO, May 26.—The republic of France has begun a suit for $100,000 against the World's fair for damages resulting from fire in the Manufactures building after the close of the fair and before goods had been removed.

Twelve Horses Cremated.

CHICAGO, May 24.—Twelve horses were burned to death and seven wagons destroyed in a fire that ruined Patrick Hennessy's cooper shop at Twenty-seventh street and Armour avenue.

FIVE STRIKER SKILLED.

BLOODY BATTLE IN THE PENNSYLVANIA COAL REGION.

When the Strikers Arrived at the Stickle Hollow Plant the Deputies on Guard Fired into the Mob of 2,000 Men with Frightful Effect.

UNIONTOWN, Pa., May 24.—The battle which has been threatened at the Stickle Hollow mines of the Washington Coal and Coke company in the fourth pool for the past three days has occurred, and as a result at least three strikers are lying dead and a half dozen are seriously wounded. The exact number of killed and wounded cannot be ascertained as yet, as they were carried off the ground as they were mowed down by the fifty Winchesters guarding the plants. It cannot be said to have been a battle, as not a shot was fired by strikers, but seemingly without provocation the volleys were fired by the deputies while the strikers were assembled in the public road.

Majority of Strikers Unarmed.

Shortly before midnight 2,000 strikers assembled at the Stickle Hollow plants, coming from Lucyville, Fayette City, Freeport, Allenport, and many other points on the Monongahela river. Some of them were armed, but the majority were not. They went into camp near the plant where they remained until 3 o'clock, when they adjourned to the public road leading to the works, and over which the workmen would have to pass to the pit. Here they worked a line of defense to interrupt the workmen and attempt to get them to return home. According to the plans they stopped the first delegation of miners, and, after a little persuasion, induced them to join the strike. The men turned back and about the time they were starting back home with their dinner buckets the deputies who were on guard and witnessed the affair were ordered to shoot.

They fired three volleys into the mob at a range of only about fifty yards. The first volley brought forth no response from the strikers, who were thought to be well armed, but instead they ran in every direction, leaving the dead and wounded lying in the public road. The deputies followed with two more volleys and were shooting when the last strikers disappeared. The report of the affair given by the officials of the company is to the effect that three strikers were picked up dead in the road after the shooting and about a half dozen wounded ones were carried away by their comrades. A large number were wounded. The company officials say that the strikers served notice on them that they expected to assault the works, and acting on this information the deputies considered this interference with the workmen as the beginning of the assault and for that reason fired on them.

Firing on Both Sides.

The extent of the battle at Stickle Hollow is just becoming known. There has not been so fierce a conflict in the coke region or river district since the inauguration of the strike. In fact, it is the first engagement in which both deputies and strikers were shooting to kill. Later reports have increased the number of killed to five and the wounded to eight and other victims of the unfortunate affair may be found when time can be had for a more thorough investigation of the results. It was not a one-sided affair as at first reported, but was a battle with as many guns on one side as on the other and with as much firing by the strikers as by the deputies. Among the wounded are three deputies while the killed are all strikers.

NATIONAL LEGISLATURE.

The Day's Doing in Senate and House of Representatives.

WASHINGTON, May 28.—Schedule D of tariff bill, "wood and manufactures of wood," was taken up by the senate and Hale and Frye made speeches in favor of higher duties for the benefit of Maine lumbermen. Reply was made by Vest, who quickly yielded the floor to Walsh, the new member from Georgia.

The speaker laid before the house a letter from the family of the Hungarian patriot, Louis Kossuth, in reply to the resolution of condolence of the house. Several bills were passed, including the following: To fix the northern boundary line of the Warm Spring Indian reservation in Oregon; extending the time for making final proof and payment of all lands claimed under homestead and desert land laws for one year from the time final payment would become due.

Bailey on a Bond Crusade.

WASHINGTON, May 29.—Representative Bailey of Texas will again bring forward his resolution questioning Secretary Carlisle's authority to issue bonds to meet current expenses, in case another bond issue is determined upon. The Bailey resolution excited much comment when the recent issue of $50,000,000 bonds was made, but failed to have any effect in checking the issue, as the bonds were on the market before Mr. Bailey was able to get his resolution before the house. Now, however, Mr. Bailey's resolution is on the calendar, and he says he will endeavor to call it up on the first intimation that official action is being taken on another sale of bonds.

Bank Wreckers Convicted.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., May 29.—The jury has returned a verdict of guilty in the case of Percival B. Coffin, Francis A. Coffin, and Albert S. Reed on trial for wrecking the Indianapolis National bank. The attorneys for the defendants moved for a new trial.

Return of the President.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—President Cleveland, accompanied by Secretaries Carlisle and Gresham and Captain Robley Evans of the lighthouse board, has arrived in Washington on the Violet.

Professor Smith's Appeal Rejected.

SARATOGA, N. Y., May 28.—The Presbyterian general assembly has rejected the appeal of Professor Smith and confirmed the appellant's guilt of heresy.

The Power of Song.

The power of song is illustrated in a custom on the railroads of northern Florida. Whenever a train crosses the Swanee river the conductor announces the fact in each car. If any passenger has never heard "Way Down Upon the Swanee River," this particularization of the stream must seem peculiar, and the Suwanee is like a dozen other rivers in the same region, and these are passed without comment from the conductor. —Philadelphia Press.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

A public celebration of the eighty-fifth anniversary of the birthday of ex-Secretary of the Navy Thompson will be held at Terre Haute, Ind., June 9.

The strikers at Braidwood, Ills., have passed resolutions favoring a continuance of the strike until the operators come to time.

The Switchmen's association meeting at Evansville, Ind., voted to move the headquarters of the association from Chicago to Evansville.

Knox college at Galesburg, Ills., received $13,000 in gifts. Five thousand came from S. V. White, of New York.

Daniel Thompson, a 12-year-old boy living near Marshalltown, Ia., accidentally shot himself while hunting.

Senator Vest from the committee on commerce reported favorably the bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Mississippi river at St. Louis.

All the carpenters and mill hands in Cincinnati have been ordered to strike because bosses refuse to pay $2.50 for eight hours or $3 for nine hours.

* * *

Herman Sieger, aged 26, a farmer of Waverly, Iowa, was cleaning a well when it caved in, killing him.

Francis Kossuth, one of the sons of the late Louis Kossuth, has decided to take up his residence in Hungary. He has been appointed president and technical adviser of the Tarnoczy Machine Company.

Henry Watterson is to deliver the Fourth of July oration at Oskaloosa, Iowa.

At the royal wedding in Coburg, Queen Victoria spoke nothing but German, no matter what the nationality of the person she was talking to was.

Miss Baker, who is professor of Greek and Latin in Simpson college, Ind., is only 32. When she was 14 she translated one of the plays of Æschylus.

The Chilean government has issued a decree directing the payment of customs duty in gold.

The Republicans of Lee county, Ia., have declared for the Hon. M. Clark to succeed Senator-elect Gear in congress.

* * *

Governor Northen has appointed Judge Sampson W. Harris secretary for state of Georgia.

D. S. Shelton, deputy constable of Hot Springs, Ark., was arrested charged with shooting Will Newsome, whom he had a warrant to arrest. Shelton says he shot after Newsome had escaped from him and was running away.

Ex-Congressman Johnston will be a candidate for the Republican nomination for congress in the Eighth Indiana district, making the fifth candidate. Brookshire will be renominated.

Ex-Senator George F. Edmunds of Vermont has been elected an honorary member of the Union League of Philadelphia, a distinction that has been conferred upon but seven other gentlemen since the organization of the league in 1863.

Ignatius Donnelly declares he is not a candidate for United States senator or any other office.

Factories in Ottumwa, Ia., will soon have to close for want of coal.

The convention of engineers in St. Paul elected the following officers to fill vacancies; A. B. Youngson, Meadville, Pa., assistant grand chief; T. S. Ingraham, first grand engineer.

* * *

John Ayers, a switchman at St. Louis shot and killed himself.

President Cleveland is said to have an interest in the Caledonia mine at Cripple Creek, Colo.

The jury at Sioux Falls, S. D., in the case of Dr. A. M. Fisher, accused of causing the death of Minnie Olson, disagreed, and the doctor will be released from custody.

Fire at Marion, Ind., damaged the Estep window grass factory $10,000, but the loss was covered by insurance.

Mrs. Perry Whitman was given a verdict for $4,000 against the Diamond Plate Glass company at Elwood, Ind., for the death of her husband.

Charges of crookedness have been preferred against Warden Chase and three directors of the Kansas state penitentiary.

The H. Witbeck Lumber company's dry kilns at Marinette, Mich., with 150,000 feet of lumber, was burned. Loss, $25,000; partly insured.

Rossiter G. Cole of Ripon, Wis., has been elected to take charge of the Iowa Conservatory of Music at Grinnell.

* * *

One hundred and forty women in New York have banded together as a society for the reformation of husbands.

A fine vein of potter's clay has been discovered five feet beneath the surface at Lebanon, Pa. Its market price runs from $12 to $14 a ton delivered in New York.

President Ingalls of the Big Four railroad once taught school for $11 a month.

A French writer points out that while greater New York will cover 317 square miles, equal to 83,100 French hectares, Paris covers only 7,802, Berlin 6,600 and London 30,000.

Detective Charles Hickey shot and killed James Parrott, who was beating a woman at Louisville, Ky.

George Churchill, city engineer at the waterworks at Sycamore, Ills., while riding a bicycle fell dead from the wheel. Heart disease was the cause.

Charles Decker fell under an engine and was killed at Charleston, Ills.

The Diamond plate glass factory at Elwood, Ind., has closed, throwing out several hundred men.

* * *

The Longview (Tex.) bank robbers have crossed the 'Frisco road near Paris, Tex., and are in the Kiamitian mountains.

The captain of the little government vessel that took the president off hunting pronounces him the best shot for a man of his size that he ever saw.

John H. Reagan of Texas says he is not a candidate, and will not be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor, but that if the state convention nominates him he will accept.

Charles Prescott was struck by a saw in a sawmill near Columbia City, Ind., and instantly killed.

Near Bloomington, Ills., Willie Livings, while stealing a ride on a freight train of the Chicago and Alton railroad, fell off and was fatally injured.

Thomas Nast will do political cartoons for The Pall Mall Gazette.

At Elwood, Ind., the jury in the case of Jesse Melette, ex-editor of the daily Press of this city, against the Clover Leaf railroad for $2,000 damages has awarded him $500. Mellette was put off the train because he had purchased a void ticket of an agent.

PRISONERS RELEASED.

SHERIFF GIVES IN TO THE CRIPPLE CREEK MINERS.

The Strikers Threatened to Put the Superintendent to Death if the Arrested Strikers Were Not Released—Talk of Settling the Strike by Arbitration.

CRIPPLE CREEK, Colo., May 28.—Sheriff Bowers has released Russell, Mason and Tood, the three miners captured at Wilbur in pursuance of an agreement in order to save the lives of Superintendent Samuel McDonald, Fireman Charles Robinson and Miner Jack Goodhue, who were captured by the strikers at the Strong mine after the blowing up of the shaft house. President Calderwood of the Victor Miners' union when notified of the sheriff's action, telephoned that the three men with their arms must be delivered to him on Bull mountain. The sheriff was not inclined to comply with this demand at first. The miners' hatred of McDonald is intense and they had determined to put him to death, and then execute their other prisoners if an exchange of prisoners was not agreed to.

The deputies, who now number about three hundred, are in camp at Divide, where the Midland Terminal railroad running to the camp connects with the Colorado Midland. It is believed no attempt will be made to march to Victoria or Bull Hill pending the result of the proposition of arbitration, which is extremely doubtful. The self-constituted committee which proposed this plan of settling the trouble of the miners spoke only for J. J. Hagerman, one of the heaviest mine owners. Other mine owners had not even agreed to submit to arbitration and it is not known how they regard the position. President Calderwood of the Victor Miners' union favors arbitration and a meeting of the union will be held to decide whether a committee shall be appointed for this purpose.

MILITIA AT MINONK, ILLS.

Illinois Central Coal Train Escorted Out of Town by Soldiers.

MINONK, Ills., May 28.—Colonel Duncan with four companies of militia arrived here. Sheriff Tool with 150 deputies was out all night, and during the morning preparations were made to move the Illinois Central train that had been delayed by the striking miners. The officials started the train at 8:25, which moved north at a slow pace, preceded by the militia and escorted on either side by the sheriff and his men, among whom were a number of old veterans. An occasional man carries a Winchester, others had revolvers.

At the crossing of the Santa Fe, where the miners to the number of 150 were congregated, and when the trouble, if any, would occur, everything was quiet and a speedy passage was made. Two of the alleged ringleaders, James Smith and Henry Meyer, are under arrest and have retained Hon. J. M. Fort to look after their cases. It is expected that others will be taken. No disorder further than putting couplingpins at the crossing, piling ties across the track, or uncoupling cars has been done. The militia are now in camp south of town; the sheriff and his deputies are also on duty. It is thought the peace will be kept.

DEPUTIES AND STRIKERS FIGHT.

One of the Strikers Killed and Several Others Wounded.

CRIPPLE CREEK, Colo., May 28.—News has just reached here that the strikers seized an engine and cars at Victor and proceeded to Wilbour, ten miles down the Florence and Cripple Creek railroad, where the Denver deputies were encamped. A battle ensued at 4 a. m. between the strikers and outpost of the deputies, in which one miner was killed and three injured. Several deputies were also wounded. The name of the miner killed was George Crowley. As the wires have been cut particulars of the affair have not been obtained. A non-union miner was also shot and killed in a saloon at Victor.

Every newspaper representative has been ordered away from Battle Mountain and Bull Hill and told not to return again at the peril of their lives. P. J. Donahue of the Denver News was slow to obey and several guns was levelled at his head. The order has gone forth that not a line of information shall go out from here if it can possibly be prevented.

WILL GO INTO COURT.

Chicago and Eastern Illinois Road to Ask for Protection.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., May 29.—The Chicago and Eastern Illinois company has decided to go into the United States court at Indianapolis and ask for protection of its property. Striking miners have thirty cars of coal sidetracked fourteen miles north of here, and will not let it be moved to Chicago, its destination. It is Kentucky coal, and the railroad being an interstate route the application to the court will be under the interstate commerce act.

The miners are desperately determined to prevent the shipment of outside coal, which they say is quite as hurtful to their side in the wage struggle as the operation of the mines in the affected territory. There are about 800 men at Lyford, but many more can be assembled there on short notice.

Stopping Big Four Trains.

BRAZIL, Ind., May 28.—Three hundred miners stationed themselves at Fontanet, north of here on the Big Four, and stopped every freight train on the road and thoroughly examined each car to see if any coal was being transported. One freight had a box car filled with coal marked perishable freight. The miners suspecting this was a ruse broke into the car, discovered its contents and sidetracked it. They now have ten cars of coal sidetracked and keep guard over them night and day.

Situation at La Salle.

LA SALLE, Ills., May 28.—Everything is quiet on the surface, but the people are entensely excited, as they have been all through the present trouble, and the rumors flying thick and fast are enough to keep the anxiety at white heat. The latest reports are that the enemy is lying low till reinforcements appear, when a concerted attack will be made on the mines and the militia.

May Settle the Strike.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., May 29.—A number of Illinois miners and operators have arrived here to attend the miners' conference. A prominent operator informed the Associated Press representative that he believed the outcome of the conference would be the settlement of the strike within a few days.

PRAIRIE STATE NOTES.

ITEMS OF INTEREST GATHERED HERE AND THERE.

Telegraphic Reports of Some of the Events Which Have Taken Place in Our Own State and Compiled for Our Own Readers—Illinois News of Interest.

PEORIA, Ills., May 29.—There was a fatal runaway accident just beyond the lower free bridge, in Tazewell county. A team Henry Haines was driving took fright at a raised umbrella and became unmanageable. They ran over a cart containing Mr. and Mrs. James A. Harris, and a complete wreck was the result. Mr. and Mrs. Harris were thrown out and trampled under foot and their horse knocked down. The runaways continued on for a few blocks and finally dumped Mr. and Mrs. Haines over a steep embankment.

All sustained more or less severe injuries. Mr. Harris had several ribs broken over the heart, the temporal bone was fractured and he sustained a severe concussion of the brain, besides severe internal injuries. There is no hope of his recovery. Mrs. Harris was slightly injured and so was Mr. Haines. Mrs. Haines sustained severe internal injuries and the outcome of her case is entirely problematical. There was a total of eight persons injured in three runaway accidents.

Bigamist Hiler Sentenced.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., May 28.—John T. Hiler has been sentenced to pay a fine of $100 and to serve one year in the Joliet prison for bigamy. Wife No. 1 of West Erie street, Chicago, and wife No. 2 of this city gave testimony. Hiler was a traveling music peddler, whose home was in Grand Rapids, Mich., and, having a fine voice, he sang his way into his two wives' good graces. He acknowledged having been married and divorced before he met either of them.

Flour Mill Burned.

JOLIET, Ills., May 24.—The flour mill operated by Louis H. Hyde was burned to the ground. The building was owned by the Economy Light and Power company. The building and machinery were valued at $60,000, which is a total loss, with only $20,000 insurance. The flour, wheat and fixtures were owned by Mr. Hyde, who ran one of the largest flouring mills in the state. His loss is $15,000, with a small insurance.

Disastrous Experiment.

CHICAGO, May 24.—On account of the scarity of coal the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad made an experiment of trying to run the locomotive of the fast mail train from Chicago with coal oil. The oil exploded at Kewanee, scattering the burning fluid over the engineer and fireman. It is thought the engineer is so badly burned that he cannot recover. The fireman was also badly burned about the face, neck and breast.

Meeting of Holdover Senators.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., May 24.—A caucus of all holdover state senators was held here which was attended by all of said senators excepting Senator Reid Green, of Cairo. The general political outlook in the state was carefully considered, but no action taken regarding either the apportionment suits, special legislative session, or the United States senatorship question.

Indorsed Black for Senator.

CLINTON, Ills., May 26.—The Democrats held a county convention here, Dr. J. C. Myers calling the body to order. S. A. Edwards of Kenny was made temporary chairman and S. P. Fleming secretary. Delegates were chosen for the state convention and resolutions indorsing General Black for the senate were passed.

Restored Him to Citizenship.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., May 24.—Governor Altgeld has granted restoration to citizenship to Sherman T. Melton, of Murphysboro, who served six years in the Chester penitentiary for larceny committed in Gallatin county in 1888.

Congressional Nomination.

MARSHALL, Ills., May 24.—The Republican congressional convention for the Nineteenth district met in this city and nominated Hon. Beson Wood, of Effingham, for congress by acclimation.

The General "Acknowledges the Corn."

PORTLAND, Me., May 29.—In an interview with a Telegram reporter General Neal Dow acknowledged for the first time in his life that his prohibition liquor law was "not enforced at all in Portland." He said: "The sheriff and city authorities are commanded by the statutes to enforce the Maine law and their official oath binds them to be faithful to that duty. The liquor law is not enforced in Portland because the leaders wish to obtain the vote and influence of the rum sellers."

Big Saving to the Government.

WASHINGTON, May 28.—Major Pollock, chief of the Indian division of the interior department, who represented the secretary at the annual award of bids at Chicago for Indian supplies, has returned to Washington. He says the prices were lower than ever before. The government saved $20,000 on the beef contract, the largest on any specification, although proportionate gains were made on the smaller contracts.

A Boston man who has acquired and kept riches says that one of his rules of life has been never to lend any money on personal promises to pay that he was not willing to give away and able to lose.

Blood Poisoning

"Twelve years ago my wife was picking raspberries when she scratched herself on a briar, the wound from which soon developed into a running sore, between her knee and ankle. We tried medical skill on every side, with no effect. About a year ago she read of Hood's Sarsaparilla and concluded to try it herself, and while taking the first bottle she felt better and continued with it until today she is entirely cured and better Mrs. Aughenbaugh than ever. The sore was healed up in seven

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

weeks. Her limb is perfectly sound." J. N. AUGHENBAUGH, Ettors, York Co., Pa.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, indigestion. 25c. Try a box.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IV.

CHARLES FREEMAN'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

Every one had given up all hope of ever seeing my brother again when one person, strangely and continually began to assert that he was alive. How I became possessed of this conviction I now proceed to relate. It happened in this manner: On the night of the 31st of July, exactly three weeks and a day after the disappearance, I had a very singular experience, which, in spite of all absurd theories of brain waves, telepathy and I know not what, I still firmly believe to have been an instance of divine interposition. It was upon a Wednesday night, as I particularly remember, because my father always had service on Wednesday nights. I had been to church and returned with the rest of the family. I went to bed as usual at 7:30 in good health, if not in good spirits. Truly during those weeks we were all terribly afflicted and cast down. Between 8 and 9 o'clock as I lay wide awake I saw not a dream, but a clear, waking vision. At the time I was not thinking of Jack at all. I had just got into bed and was lying on my back and looking upward into the dark. I became aware of a light not far from me on the left and thought at first that some one had come into the room with a lamp. Turning a little to one side, I saw a fire burning red and smoky, from which went up a good many sparks. This was all I saw at first, but presently I became aware that some one was sitting near it with his back toward me, bareheaded and perfectly still. It was Jack. I sat up and called him by his name. But he made no answer and did not move. Then I asked him a succession of short quick questions as to what he was doing, why he did not answer me, etc. There was darkness all round the place illuminated by the fire, but afterward I remembered having seen rough shiny points of ragged rock on which the firelight faintly played and flickered. I did see clearly a large fish which lay beside him on a flagstone close to the fire. To judge by his attitude, he appeared to be gazing intently into the heart of the blaze. Once he stooped forward a little as if to feed the fire. Still shouting questions, I sprang from my bed and rushed toward him, intending to lay my hand on his shoulder. Then I came violently into collision with something solid; it was a wardrobe which stood against the wall of the room in front of my bed. Recovering myself, I could see the vision still before me as clear and distinct as if I saw it with my eyes; indeed I have not the least doubt that I did see it with my eyes. Then soft arms were laid around me, and I was raised up. It was my mother, who had run up stairs, hearing my cries. She put me back in bed. All the whole family had rushed to the room greatly frightened by my screamings and loud, excited talk. Though there were candles in the room, I still saw the apparition, vision or whatever it might be called, and still urging my mother and brothers to see it, too, was deposited in bed and even forcibly held down; then when I was again able to look in the same direction the vision was gone.

Of course my mother concluded at once that I was ill, laboring perhaps under an acute gastric attack, the commencement of a gastric fever, and I was treated in the assumption that I was suffering from that common child's malady and dosed with the usual medicines. My mother was surprised in the morning to find no sign of illness upon me and still more so when the doctor declared that I was perfectly well.

Though I was kept in bed, my brothers were admitted to see me. Of course I told over and over again the whole story of the vision.

"Jack is alive somewhere," I kept saying, "and must be searched for."

"Why do you go on like that, Charley?" they said. "Don't you know that he is dead? It was a dream."

"It was no dream," I answered. "I was as broad awake as you are. I saw him, and how could I see him if he wasn't alive?"

"But how could he be in the room? There is no trace of fire here. How can you be so foolish?"

"No," I replied, "he wasn't in the room, of course. When I struck the press, which stands against the wall here, I could see him still beyond me. So of course he wasn't in the room. But he was somewhere else, and I saw him, and he is alive."

On the following night, shortly after the big mahogany clock in the lobby struck 8, I continued to watch intently for the reappearance of the vision. Nothing came, however, though I heard the clock strike 9. But on the following night I had an experience quite as surprising to myself, though not to others, as that vision of the fire and my brother sitting between me and it. A few minutes after the clock struck I seemed to grow suddenly and curiously cold, and while still staring out into the darkness I was aware of the words the "Devil's Parlor" coming into my mind. I did not hear the words at all with my ears. It was as if my mind had ears and that I heard the words in that way, very clear and distinct, but not at all as if spoken by any audible voice. I did not cry out or make any noise on this occasion, but resolved to stay awake and tell my brothers when they came to bed. I fell asleep, however, before they came up. In the morning I awoke them and told what had happened. They treated me as little Joseph was treated by his brothers; nevertheless I saw them look significantly at each other. After breakfast and before school hours they went off together, Ned bringing his cornopean with him. The "Devil's Parlor" was an awe inspiring cleft, the opening to some deep and mysterious subterranean hollow in the side of a long hill which lay about a mile westward from the rectory. As I afterward learned, my two brothers went to the cleft, shouted down into it both together, and Ned blew his cornet-a-piston, mouth downwards awaking huge echoes and reverberations there. Then they listened, but heard no reply. They hardly spoke to me at all after this and never about my mysterious visions and experiences. The same day I took from the sideboard in the dining room a great homemade brown cake, and going off by myself rolled it down the "Devil's Parlor." Two days afterward I took and rolled down another and continued to tell every one that Jack was alive and in the "Devil's Parlor." I had rolled down some half dozen cakes in this manner when my mother, who was aware of the rapid disappearance of her cakes, discovered me in the act of making off with one.

That night she and my father had a consultation on my case, and the following day I was sent off to an uncle and aunt who lived in an adjoining county. Of course my parents thought that my mind was affected, and my mother attributed it to excessively long school hours and too much brain work. At my uncle's I had nothing to do but amuse myself, and gradually I came to think that perhaps what my uncle and aunt said was true, and that these experiences were only dreams or lively imaginations, which was the expression they used. I was to come home at Christmas, but early in November a messenger arrived with a letter from Ned addressed to my uncle, telling him to send me home at once. Something very strange had occurred in the meantime—something that caused my visions and voices to be regarded at home in a quite new light.

CHAPTER V.

EDWARD FREEMAN'S NARRATIVE—THE ARREST OF MELODY.

In the month of October, long after the public excitement caused by the disappearance of my brother John had subsided, and even after the local interest caused by Charley's curious behavior and conversation had died away, the suspicion, indeed the conviction, that John had met with foul play, while it renewed the general excitement, made our own grief only the deeper and bitterer. Every one believed now that my brother had been murdered. Dhu-Corrig, where Jack was last seen, was not within sight of any house in the neighborhood, but there were a house and farm close by occupied by a returned Irish-American called Melody, a very big man, noisy, quarrelsome and given to drink. He was poor now, though when he came home he had money. His wife was dead. He lived here with his mother, who was bedridden, and three children, the eldest of them called Dannie, who was a pupil in my father's parochial school. No one liked Melody, nor am I surprised, his ways were so different from those of the rest of the people. One day I overheard a laborer in the glebe say to another, "Melody is drinking again, wherever he got the money." I noticed the remark, for on the previous evening I had seen him staggering home from the adjoining village. He endeavored to enter into conversation with me, but I stepped out and could hear him bawling some impertinence after me. Melody had money and was drinking. The fact caused a good deal of interest and curiosity in the neighborhood.

A few evenings later the schoolmaster called at the glebe and inquired for me. I went into the kitchen and noticed that his face was fixed and pale. I brought him into the dining room and asked whether he was ill. He said "No," and was silent. I, too, was silent and only looked at him. He had a piece of paper in his hand which he kept twirling between his fingers in a nervous manner.

"I came about Master John," at last he suddenly said. "I fear, sir, there has been foul play. You know I taught him mathematics for his Michaelmas examination last year and was a good deal with him in the evenings. He then showed me his ring. It had a Latin inscription on the inside. Not knowing Latin, I do not rightly recollect the words, though I read them at the time, and he translated them for me.

"Master Edward, Master Edward," he cried in great agitation and laying the paper on the table, "are those they?"

"They are," said I. We stood trembling and looked at each other. Written on the paper in a large schoolboy hand were the words, "Nec sperne duritiam."

"This is terrible, Mr. Gloster," I said at last. "Tell me all." He did so and to the following effect:

Dannie Melody, it seems, came to school one day looking very big and important and behaved so badly that he had to be punished. The boy's singular behavior arose from the fact that he was the possessor of a sixpenny bit which he said his father had given to him. As Dannie was never known to have even a ha'penny his bright sixpence excited a great deal of curiosity, and all the boys were very eager to find out the cause of his father's unexpected munificence. Dannie, however, refused to tell, but, it seems, after having pledged him to fidelity, communicated the secret to a little pal of his. One day Mr. Gloster surprised these two friends idling at their desk, or rather examining together a piece of strange paper. Before Dannie could conceal it Mr. Gloster snatched it up and demanded the meaning of the characters with which it was inscribed. They recalled to him the legend in the ring. The boy began to cry and said that he could not tell; that his father would beat him if he did. When the school was dismissed, Mr. Gloster kept Dannie back and at length got the secret from him.

Dannie, it seems, coming home one day found his father sitting by the fire and examining a gold ring. The moment the boy appeared he put it hastily into his pocket. He came back drunk from the village that night and slept long the next morning. Dannie, with a child's inquisitiveness, searched his father's pockets till he found the ring, and after examining it curiously for a long time finally the whim seized him of copying out the strange words which he found on the inside. He kept the copy and put the ring back in the pocket from which he had taken it. When his father awoke and got up, he called the boy outside of the house and said to him: "Dannie, you saw a ring with me last night. Well, you're to tell no one about it. If you do, I'll break every bone in your body." Then he gave Dannie the sixpence as a bribe and made him give a solemn promise of secrecy. That was all Dannie had to tell except that his father the same day went to our nearest market town, Ballymohur, and sold the ring there, as Dannie believed, for he came back with money, but without the ring.

Mr. Gloster wished to know from me whether he should tell all this to my parents. Terrible as was the news and great as would be the shock to them, especially to my poor mother, I thought so. Of the effect upon them I shall say nothing. Later on in the evening Mr. Gloster and I set out for the house of Mr. Watkins, the subinspector of police. When Mr. Watkins heard this strange story, he resolved to arrest at once Melody and his son. A warrant was procured from the nearest magistrate, and about nightfall we came to Melody's cabin. It was absurdly small to be the abode of such a big man. The thatch was secured by hay ropes held in their places by stones attached to their ends, a row of which hung all round the cabin under the eaves like a necklace. The tenant's huge cunner rod reposed against the roof and stretched away into the sky. Everything about the place was as untidy and unkempt as possible. Melody had learned nothing good, but much bad, during his sojourn in the great republic. The cabin stood a little distance in from the boreen, which led from the high road down the steep valley and ended near Dhu-Corrig. As we approached the big Irish-American issued in a stooping attitude from the little dark doorway and came along the causeway which crossed the bawn—that is to say, the small yard lying in front of the cabin. When he saw us, a visible change of expression passed over his face.

"I arrest you in the name of the queen."

One of the constables, showing him the warrant, laid his hand on his shoulder, saying at the same time, "I arrest you in the name of the queen."

"What for?" said he, looking very angry.

"For the murder of John Freeman."

Melody turned pale and staggered. "Gentlemen," he said, "I never did it."

"Melody," said the subinspector, "Mr. Freeman's ring was seen in your possession. You may make any statement or explanation that you please, but I warn you that what you say will be used against you hereafter at your trial."

"Gentlemen," said Melody, "I'll tell you all I know about that ring. One morning I seen a flock of pigeons in the black field beyant there that has the heap of white stones in the middle of it. I crept under the fence, and when I got near threw a stone or two at them. They fled away, but wan of them flew so bad and sat down again so soon that I followed after and killed her. The ring was fastened to her leg with a bit of cord. I was afeared that some one would claim it on me, so I tould Dannie not to tell."

"And the ring, where is it?" said Mr. Watkins sternly.

Melody hesitated for a moment or two; then he said boldly:

"Sir, I losht it."

I perceived at once and every one there perceived, too, that he lied. The pigeon story, too, though told so circumstantially, we of course disbelieved. Dannie was arrested, too, and led away crying bitterly. Melody was lodged in the county jail, and the boy taken in charge by the police lest his evidence should be in any way tampered with pending the trial.

Melody's cabin was searched by the police, but without discovering there any further evidences of his guilt. It was, however, now recalled that something like a fracas had occurred between my brother and the Irish-American on the evening before the disappearance. That was the evening of my brother's return from Dublin. He arrived unexpectedly by the post car from Ballymohur and walked home from the village of Dun-Beacon, which was only three-quarters of a mile from the rectory. As he was leaving the village Melody was seen to join him, he being then in a tipsy condition. What occurred between them in the way of conversation was not heard, but after awhile my brother was seen to give him a strong push, not a blow, which sent him staggering across the road, after which he fell into the grip. Jack walked on then, taking no further notice of him. Jack said nothing about this affair to any of us.

Of the subsequent investigations and inquiries of the police I shall say little. Their theory of course was that Melody on the evening of the disappearance had joined my brother in the dusk of the evening, had struck and stunned him then on Dhu-Corrig, rifled the body and flung it into the water. Melody's arrest took place on the 15th of October, and of course created a great deal of excitement over the whole country. A detective came down from Dublin, but no further evidence was discovered against him save indeed the ring itself. This was found with a jeweler in Ballymohur and at once surrendered to the police. The jeweler, Mr. Campion, admitted that he had bought it from Melody, who had previously sold him a watch and other trinkets which he said he had brought home with him from America. I drove into town with Mr. Watkins and at once identified the ring.

The constabulary were still searching for further evidences of Melody's guilt when something happened which in all probability was the means of saving an innocent man's life—viz, complete corroboration of Melody's incredible story about the pigeon and the ring.

CHAPTER VI.

JACK'S CARRIER PIGEON.

One morning in the middle of October as I looked from my bedroom window while dressing I saw a flock of pigeons of the slate colored variety, common on this coast, fly over the lawn and swoop a little as if they would alight in an adjoining field which had been tilled that summer. I felt a strong desire to have a shot at them, though I had not once taken out a gun since Jack's disappearance. Our only gun, by the way, was Jack's, a long single barreled muzzle loader. I charged quickly, passed through the wood, and surveying the field from a distance saw the flock moving about in the dark colored tillage and crept round the fence of the field till I came within shot of them, as I judged. Waiting till I had three in a line, I fired and killed all three. As I was bringing them home in triumph I noticed a piece of linen wrapped round the leg of one of the birds and fastened by cord. I cut the cord and unwinding the linen rag found it was the corner of a handkerchief and bore certain initials—they were Jack's—viz, J. F. For a moment I stood rooted to the spot, then in a frenzy of joy ran to the house and rushed into the breakfast room where the whole family was already assembled at prayers, crying, and I dare say screaming, "Jack is alive!" Again I pass over the agitation of our family circle, for such things are not easy to write about. We now saw that Melody's story of the ring was true. It was evident that Jack, imprisoned somewhere and without other means of communicating with us, had hit upon this plan. That Jack was alive when he sent out these carriers was plain, but was he alive now? Perhaps these messengers had been dispatched by him shortly after his disappearance and before hunger had made an end of him. My little brother Charley's vision then was true. My parents bitterly reproached themselves for not having given heed to that strange vision, which they now regarded as a special and miraculous interposition of Providence. I advised that Charley should be sent for at once in order that we might examine him more carefully about what he had seen. The coachman, saddling one of the horses, galloped off straight, taking with him to my uncle a hastily scribbled note, and just caught the mail car which was on point of starting from the village of Dun-Beacon. He returned the next day, bringing Charley with him. Meantime the police and coast guards were communicated with, and the whole countryside was in motion. I and my next brother Sam, attended by some workmen, went off at once to the hill in which was the "Devil's Parlor." We had with us a candle and matches and a very long rope. When we arrived there, we shouted down the mouth of the chasm. We did this repeatedly without hearing any reply. This I expected, for I had shouted down there before. I then knotted the end of the rope round my chest and had them lower me into the cleft. Soon I was in dense darkness. The flue, if I may call it so, was at first crooked and ragged, then descended sheer, so that I was in midair and could touch nothing with my hands. At another time I might have been afraid, but the hope of rescuing Jack drove out fear. At length I felt my feet touch ground, gravel as I knew by the feel and the noise. I shouted, but there was no response. I struck a match and lit my candle. Almost the first thing I saw was Charley's cakes lying about. I did not count them. Had I done so the discovery and rescue of Jack might have come sooner and by a different way. The fact was that the avenue by which I had descended was a blind alley, not the true way into the "Devil's Parlor." The place in which I now found myself was not at all what I had expected. It was like a small room walled with rock and paved with gravel. There were only bones of animals here and the cakes which poor Charley fancied had been eaten by Jack. I gave the prearranged signal—a jerk at the rope—and was slowly drawn up out of this dark den. Till now all believed that the "Devil's Parlor" was a huge subterranean cavern. Five miles farther on there was a similar cleft leading into another cavern toward the west of unknown depth. We went thither, and I descended that too. Here I came near to being drowned. It communicated with the sea and was filled at the bottom with salt water, into which, without seeing it, I was lowered, and in fact fell with a souse. By the slackness of the rope those above concluded that I had reached the bottom. Though I tugged vigorously at the rope they were not aware of it. I could not tug strongly while I was swimming, and then the great length of rope rendered it, I suppose, less sensitive. Here, too, all the way down and up again I shouted at intervals and heard no response. It was night when we returned home. No sign of Jack had been discovered by any one that day. The coast guards had been out since morning visiting the rocks and islands, of which there were several in the neighborhood, and had been as unsuccessful as myself. When I awoke next day, it seemed to me that I had caught a very bad cold. I got up nevertheless, but the moment my mother saw me she ordered me to my room.

I refused to go, and my father had to exert his parental authority in a very stern manner before I could be got to obey. In the afternoon Charley arrived. I was aware of the fact, but of little more, for by this time the fever had so grown upon me that I was beginning to be unconscious. After this I remember no more till I began to be convalescent after a severe attack of brain fever. The searching for Jack had gone on without me during the remainder of October and the beginning of November while I lay at death's door. But the searchers had found no sign or trace of my brother. The police were utterly nonplused. I heard that a very clever detective had been sent down from Dublin, but after wasting a fortnight had returned, saying that we were all mad. I heard, too, that during all these weeks little Charley regularly every second day, wet or fine, used to go to the "Devil's Parlor" and roll down his brown cake. My mother made no objection. He still continued to do it even after I began to move about and after I had declared to him that there was nothing at the bottom of the cavern but gravel, bones and the bread which he was wasting. I began to think of forcibly restraining him from this practice, for it was killing my mother, who used to weep for a long time after she had given him his cake and seen him off. The neighbors watched him with the utmost compassion, and indeed I have never seen anything so pathetic.

"Was it said in your dream that Jack was in the 'Devil's Parlor,'" I asked him.

"No," he said, "but I believe that he is there without being told. I told myself."

When I was sufficiently convalescent to be able to move about again, I organized a search party of my own. I believe we visited every cave and nook along the coast for 15 miles on either side of Dhu-Corrig. We searched also the islands and isolated rocks out in the sea, though they had already been searched by the coast guards. That Jack was or had been in some cavern I knew. These slate colored pigeons, blue rocks as they are called, roost in caves. Indeed we never called them anything but cave pigeons. But where was the cave? It now occurred to me that Jack, having got fast to some unusually large fish—the sunfish, for example, could do it—had been drawn into and under the sea. I knew that under such circumstances he would not let go his rod, and that while under the water I suspected that he had been sucked through a submarine tunnel into some unknown and otherwise inapproachable interior cavern and had been unable to rediscover or retrace the passage by which he had entered. This cavern, I thought, might communicate with the open air or with one of the many ordinary caves or fissures along the coast by some narrow outlet through which his carrier pigeons might have escaped. Improbable as was this theory, it was the most probable that I could frame and was in fact rather near the truth. All the theories and surmises of the police contained one or more incredible assumptions. I procured the services of the same diver who had been formerly employed by Mr. Watkins. For more than three weeks under my superintendence he made submarine searchings of the kind indicated on either side of Dhu-Corrig and to a considerable distance each way. All was, however, in vain. The diver gave up first. He said it was a sin to waste any more of my father's money and his own time. With my father's sanction I now wrote to the board of works in Dublin asking them to send me another. Mr. Harris, the man whom I employed, obstinately refused to go on with the search. This diver was actually on his way down from Dublin, when—[when in fact Edward Freeman himself disappeared just as suddenly and unaccountably as his brother had done].

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The New York board of health boasts that it has vaccinated 250,000 persons this year so far. The Brooklyn board boasts of 400,000 since February.

The Prime Minister of Madagascar has just been sentenced to penal servitude for life for having talked politics in an offensive way to Prince Rakotomena.

Delos Matthews and Mrs. Fanny Dennison of New York were arrested for bigamy at Anderson, Ind., on complaint of Mrs. Matthews.

Under a new New York law you must be a citizen to get employment on public work done by contract.

The porch of Antonio Bustement's building at Yuma, A. T., fell and Mrs. Bustement and one of her daughters were killed. Bustement's leg was broken and three of the other daughters were painfully injured.

HANDY WITH THEIR FEET.

Hindoos Able to Utilize Their Nether Extremities to Great Advantage.

In the native quarters of the towns of India the strange spectacle may be seen of a butcher seizing a piece of meat in his hands and cutting it in two with a stroke of his knife held between the first and second toes of his foot. The shoemaker uses no last, but turns the unfinished shoe with his feet, while his hands are busy in shaping it. So the carpenter holds with his great toe the board he is cutting, and the wood turner handles his tools as well with his toes as with his fingers.

This use of the feet to assist the hands in their labor is not, however, the mere result of practice, but is principally due to the fact that the Hindoo foot is quite different from ours in its anatomical conformation. The ankle of the Hindoo and the articulation of the back of the foot permit considerable lateral motion. Then the toes possess a surprising mobility. The great toe can be moved freely in all directions, and the first and second toes are separated by a wide space, sometimes as much as five-eighths of an inch across at the base of the toes and two inches at their extremities.

The articulation of the hip is also peculiar, and this renders it easier to use the toes in handling the objects by enabling the Hindoo to sit in a squatting posture much more comfortably than we can do. A similar formation of the feet and toes is found among the Annamese, but it is not, as might be supposed, a common thing among barbarous and savage tribes.

One naturally thinks of the resemblance to a monkey which a human being using both feet and hands in the manner described above must present, and yet M. Regnault is careful to point out the fact that the Hindoo foot is not at all like the foot of an ape or monkey. The great toe is not opposed to the other toes like a thumb, as occurs with the monkey, and accordingly the pedal dexterity of the Hindoos is not to be taken as an indication of simian descent.—Pearson's Weekly.

Women's Politeness.

Volumes have been written and said about the impoliteness of men toward women in the street cars.

Columns might be printed about the rude ingratitude of women toward men in these equipages.

The other morning I was wedged into an interstice on a crowded Madison cable train. Near me was a woman hanging to a strap, and my neighbor was a man occupying a seat. It was apparent that he argued with himself—and then the spirit of kindness evidently came out ahead.

He struggled to his feet and offered the vacated seat to the woman. She promptly accepted. Her only recognition of the courtesy was a bold stare after she had settled in "charity quarters." A look of disgust was his retort, but that was almost instantly succeeded by a most charming smile.

The man leaned forward and smiled some more. Such genialness was pleasant to see.

"Madam," he said, and his tone was of the gentlest, "madam, what do we ask children to say when teaching them how to accept a favor?"

I really think it was surprised instinct that made her immediately respond, "Thank you!"

The next moment, oh, wasn't she mad!

But not a word was spoken. There was a peculiar quietness in one district of the cosmopolitan conveyance.—Chicago Mail.

The French Village Laborer.

The material condition of the day laborer is much better than it was half a century ago in every way. Then men might be seen thrashing the corn in winter, working by the light of a lamp from 3:30 a. m. to 7 p. m., receiving only sixpence a day and their food, and during the harvest they earned only 1s. 6d. a day.

A farm servant of 14 years of age, who now earns at least £4 a year, then received only his food, the farmer supplying him with wooden shoes and a blouse. At 17 only would he begin to earn a little money. As a rule, the French laborer is sober, industrious, hardworking and thrifty, his chief aim being to save a little money or to buy land to leave to his children. As a rule, families are not numerous, and one rarely if ever sees such early marriages as are frequent among the lower classes in England. One reason is that the military service is compulsory. Every man, unless physically disabled, is bound to serve for three years, from 21 to 24, so they cannot marry till this is over, at any rate, and many do not till much later. However, the military service is certainly borne without reluctance and as a matter of course by most Frenchmen.—Contemporary Review.

Misplaced.

It is a curious fact that success is sometimes won by those who have no enthusiasm for the profession they follow. Fanny Kemble was by no means fond of acting and would gladly have left the stage earlier had not circumstances bound her there.

A brilliant young violinist played one day for Mrs. Gladstone, and the latter said to her:

"Is there anything you care more for than your Stradivarius?"

The young lady colored a little. "The violin is not an absorbing passion with me," she replied modestly.

"Perhaps you have artistic talent?" the hostess suggested.

"Indeed I have not," was the honest response. "But, Mrs. Gladstone, I love to cook. I really believe I could make a chef if I had the opportunity to practice."—Youth's Companion.

Can Talk—a Little.

Miss Smythers—What is your opinion of that young Mr. Fatched?

Miss Caustique—Very high. He is a living confirmation of Professor Garner's theory.—Chicago Record.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, JUNE 2, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Charley's Aunt."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Charles Frohman's Stock Company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Milk White Flag."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Black Hussar."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Duff Opera Company.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—Tony Pastor.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE MOORE CELEBRATION.

It is a pity that the Rev. Dr. O'Reilly was not greeted by a larger audience on the occasion of the Moore celebration at Central Music Hall on Monday evening. His address was a momentous one—a grand interpretation of the genius, character and ambition of the chief among Irish poets. We have no doubt that those who were not present will deeply regret their absence, while those who did attend can never forget the words of wisdom, truth and inspiring patriotism that issued from the lips of the reverend orator.

Time was in Chicago when Central Music Hall would have been crowded to its utmost capacity to do honor to the speaker and the occasion; but the factious spirit exhibited in Ireland, the purposeless policy pursued by the Irish parliamentary leaders, the general apathy following the hanging up of home rule by the Whigs, after the ignominious close of Gladstone's public career, and the repeated calls on the more patriotic section of the Irish people in this city, combine to render Irish demonstrations, except on a few occasions, not up to their former standard in point of numbers.

A certain element of the Irish-American people desire no connection whatever with Ireland. She is a defeated country and, therefore, not fashionable—at present. If ever she should attain to independence, the renegades who now sneer at her cause and mock her hopes would be among the first to claim kindred with her and be seen in public places as fraudulent representatives of her struggle for liberty. It is easy to be a patriot when the sun of success casts its golden hues on the banner of liberty, but when the clouds of defeat darken its folds, the task is, apparently, more difficult.

And yet, in spite of knaves, and slaves, and poltroons, Ireland and her cause shall live. Her's and Poland's are the only vital national causes that exist today. One thing is necessary to place Ireland again in the forefront of the world's consideration—abandonment of all faith in an English party alliance, and a resort to the direct, honest old method of striking terror into the heart of England. Physical force has had its failures, but "moral" force has been the most efficient ally of the English enemy. Said Meagher, in 1847, "We have petitioned for fifty years, and the result has been a million deaths!" Since then, except in the energetic interval of Fenianism, we have added heavily to the list. England cares no more for moral force, without the dread of physical force in the near background, than she does for the soughing of the summer wind.

The Irish organizations in this country have the power, if they had the fiery zeal that formerly animated them, to make England listen to reason. Irish revolutionary sentiment in America has become a thing of expediency—sometimes, we fear, a galvanized enthusiasm which relapses into the coldness of death when the artificial life-giver is withdrawn. We are not satisfied with the Irish people, as a majority, at home nor yet abroad. They have the greatest of causes, but they seem unable to realize their advantage. In the words of "Rory of the Hill," we say to our countrymen—

Would to the kind heavens
That Wolfe Tone were here today!

We are not among those who decry oratory—especially such oratory as that of Dr. O'Reilly. Rienzi was an orator, and he struck for liberty. Emmet was an orator, and he died for freedom. Meagher was an orator, and he dared for Ireland and fought for America, but the ablest speech that could be addressed to England just now would be a determined rally of the Irish revolutionary element in this country around the good old platform of Tone, Emmet, Mitchel and the Fenians. Let us not think that we are powerless. There are more Irish on the earth today than ever stood before under God's sunlight, and all they need is organization and honest purpose to impress the mind of England in a potential manner. We don't care much how they may proceed to impress her mind, so long as it is impressed. We have had enough of parliamentary humbug and love-making drivel—the English will love us only when we whip them.

No more oiled speech—'tis time the drove
Of despots should hear their fate read;
We have all had more than enough of love—
Try now the talisman—hatred.

IRISH HEROES IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

[Contributed.]

Now that the patriots of Concord have recently celebrated to first achieved by the Continentals in the American revolutionary war, it is meet and proper to state the brave part that Ireland's heroes took in that glorious crusade against English rule in this country. Two Irish Americans at that epoch were among the leaders of the revolutionists, while a native Irishman was commodore of the American navy on the high seas, and captured by his marine prowess many an English merchant vessel laden with the costliest of goods which he sold for thousands of dollars in various foreign ports for the financial advancement of the armed struggle on land. Carroll of Carrollton was the eldest son of Patrick O'Carroll, a farmer, who was born in Baltimore, Ireland. He emigrated in the early portion of the last century with his wife, who was also a native of Ireland, to Baltimore, Md., where the famous Carroll, whose name is one of the first of those eminent patriots who signed the Declaration of Independence. Patrick Henry was another of the signers of that immortal document. He too was the son of Irish emigrants.* It is a remarkable fact that it was through the instrumentality of his radical dictrines on the separation of the colonies from the so-called "mother" country, that the revolutionary ball began to roll, and sweep all before it. He and Samuel Adams of Boston were revolutionists in the Congress of Philadelphia in 1774, when all the other members cried them down as "fanatics" and "rebels," and renewed their oaths of allegiance to the good king George III of England!

Here is a portion of the eloquent speech which he delivered in a crisis pregnant with a nation's hopes and national aspirations: "Government is dissolved. We are in a state of nature, sir. All distinctions are thrown down. All America is a solid mass. Where are your landmarks—your boundaries of colonies? The distinctions between Pennsylvanians, Virginians, New Yorkers, and New Englanders are no more. I am no Virginian. I am an Amorican." His Republican views were gloriously vindicated a few weeks afterward. These same congressman swallowed their oaths of allegiance to the good king George, and openly preached revolution themselves! It was on that sublime occasion in our nation's history that Patrick Henry, inspired by the happy change in the political ideas of his colleagues, and invoking the God of hosts, used those memorable words: "Give me liberty, or give me death!"

Sole credit is due to the son of an Irish father and mother for the success of the great American revolution. Were it not for him the congressmen at Philadelphia who were Tories would have sold to England the cause of Freedom for a few miserable concessions to their liberties.

Commodore Jack Barry, or "Saucy Jack," as he was lovingly called by his first mate and crew, was a native of the town of Wexford, Ireland. Coming out to the colonies, while still a boy, he entered the marine service of his adopted country, and step by step worked his onward way from the position of simple sailor till he reached the greatest height capable of being attained by any naval officer—the commodoreship of the entire American fleet. He won this proud distinction by his intrepid daring, and by the large number of the rich merchant ships of England which he scuttled on the high seas. He was the terror for seven long years to the English speculator in West Indian grain. On one occasion when he gave the captain of an English merchantman a trouncing, the captain asked him:

"Who are you? I should like to know a brave fellow any time. 'Pon my soul I would!"

"I am Commodore Barry," said the Irishman proudly, "and my hatred of the oppression of Ireland, my native land, is so intense, that I took a fiendish pleasure in scuttling all the English vessels I laid hands on in the high seas. Now, my dear Jack tar, put that in your pipe, and smoke it!"

Impartial judges will acknowledge that it is utterly impossible to overrate the services rendered to the American revolution by men of Irish blood. Even the College Green parliament of Dublin sympathized with the national aspirations of the Continentals. Many of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick fought in America's national battalions. This society had its headquarters at Philadelphia, Pa., and was transformed into an exclusive military organization when the tocsin sounded for war. Among the most prominent of these Irish champions of American liberty, little over a hundred years ago, were Robert Morris,† the eminent Irish patriot and financier, Gov. Richard Penn, William Bingham, afterwards United States senator, Division General in the Revolutionary Army, Jack O'Shea, a stalwart Tipperary broth of a boy, and Commodore Jack Barry, already referred to.

In June, 1778, thirty seven of these devoted and self-sacrificing Irishmen, most of whom had made large fortunes in the piping days of peace, as merchants in the city of Philadelphia, pledged all their property and credit for several years to the financial aid of the glorious cause of American liberty. They raised a fund for that object which amounted to no less a sum of money than one million and a half of dollars. Twenty-seven of the wealthiest Irish members of the Society of the Friends of St. Patrick, nearly all natives of Ireland, mind you, subscribed more than two thirds of that sum $517,500. The other Irishmen, less favored by fortune, but a thousand strong, subscribed the remaining million. Robert Morris, and Blair MacClenachan subscribed each the large sum of $50,000, Bunner Murray & Co. $30,000 each, Patrick Francis $27,000, William Bingham, I. M. Nesbitt, Samuel Meredith, Patrick Barclay, Hugh Shiel, John Nixon and Henry Hill, $25,000. John Dunlop, Patrick Keane, John Mease, and Patrick Nicholas, $20,000. George Campbell, John Patton, Benjamin Fuller, George Meade, John Donaldson and James Caldwell, $10,000. Samuel Caldwell, Gen. Jack O'Shea, Commodore Barry, and John Delang, $5,000 each. The reader will, doubtless, observe that the names in this list are not very Gaelic; but they are the names of Irishmen nevertheless. Aubrey de Vere is of French extraction—his ancestors in France having been of a Bourbon family. The ancestors of John Martin and John Mitchel were not owners of Gaelic blood. Neither Parnell nor Butt are Irish names. Davis has an English look about it, because that name has been anglicised from its original "Davauss," which is truly Gaelic, for the Welsh have as good right to be called Gaels as the Milesians. These Irish merchants of Philadelphia were Irish patriots in Ireland before leaving for America. They must have been patriotic, for in 1798 who but the Presbyterians, were the the leaders of the society of United Irishmen? Long before '98 they were ardent Irish patriots as the martyrdom of several of the ministers of that church in the service of Ireland attests.

The first congress of the United States passed at one of their opening sittings a vote of the deepest gratitude to these devoted and generous Irishmen. Washington was at the head of a ragged and starving army at the time. It was feared that they would rebel against his authority, and disperse. Their dispersal meant the ruin of the cause; but, thanks to the million and a half of dollars, which the contributions of the Philadelphia Irish was voted by congress for the army of the national leader, who was thus enabled to purchase new uniforms for his soldiers, and, as many of them had been barefooted, he purchased 75,000 shoes, and forage for the horses, and plenty of provisions for the men. Here again the generosity of Irish-born Americans saved the cause from disaster.

General Washington in after years, when the era of piping peace was restored to the land that was sore with bruises, and weak for loss of blood, did not forget his benefactors. His excellency requested the members to nominate him a member of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. There was a provision in the constitution of that society that none but men born in Ireland were qualified for membership, but they unanimously endorsed a resolution to the effect that an exception be made on behalf of the Father of his Country. So the regalia and countersigns were sent to the president of the young Republic, who graciously consented to pay a visit to his fellow-members at their palatial and royally furnished club house in the swell quarter of the Quaker City. He was presented with a sumptuous banquet on Jan. 1, 1782, at the City Restaurant, one of the fashionable eating houses of the city, in which he was joined as guests by the secretaries of State, and Congress, the ambassador of King Louis of France, M. Otto, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, the speaker of the House of Assembly, as the lower house was then called, Count de la Touche, and Count Dillon, the Irish colonel of the Dillon regiment in the Irish Brigade in the service of France, both of whom drew their swords in the then recent struggle for the liberty of the colonies, and a host of other distinguished men. It may be interesting to note that thirteen years afterwards in 1793, during the Reign of Terror in Paris, the "beau Comte Dillon," as he was called, "the handsome Count Dillon;" but he was tall, slender, muscular, and stalwart as well, and a most accomplished officer, and was guillotined for his chivalrous devotion to his king, Louis of France.

When he reached the platform, where stood that ghastly instrument of murder, a pert pretty little lady, the Duchess de la Pipimire, was one before Dillon. She turned round towards the Count, and asked him to be so amiable as to put his head in the blade before her turn came, in order to give her the necessary courage to go through the terrible ordeal.

"It has always been my custom to do anything to please the dear ladies, and I can't refuse you."

So the gallant chevalier put his head under the blade, and shouted "Vive le Roi!" His head, severed from the body, fell into a basket, where a sweet smile illumined the calm face of the martyr.

Now when it is the fashion to ignore what our fellow countrymen have done for the Republic in its infancy, and even to call their loyalty on that occasion into question, it may be useful to reproduce these facts, supported by the testimony of American historians like Bancroft and Prescott, whose authority is unquestionable, for they were no friends of Irishmen. The writer is therefore happy in confounding these vile scribes who would dare to asperse the memories of that illustrious band of Irish soldiers, who saved the revolutionary glories of the colonies from ruin. E.

*This is doubtful. †Born in England.

On the same day (May 24) that the officers of the English admiralty were love-feasting Captain Mahan of the U. S. warship, Chicago, in London, a detachment of the Queen's Own Rifles—the same routed by the Fenians at Ridgeway, Ont. in 1866, were engaged in tearing down the American flag over the consul's office at St. Thomas. On the whole, we have more respect for the Canadian bullies than for the English hypocrites. The latter think hatred of this country—the former act it. But Grover Cleveland is president, and an insult to the national flag will not disturb his digestion. The palaver to Mahan—reduced from MacMahon, we suppose—will more than compensate for the outrage committed by the Queen's Own Drunkards.

It may be interesting to note that the inventor of the torpedo, which destroyed the rebel Brazilian war-ship, "Aquabas," is the son of that illustrious Fenian litterateur, and rebel, Charles G. Halpine, alias Miles O'Reilly, who was at one time a witty and humorous writer on the pages of New York and Boston papers. The young man is an engineer in the American navy.

The Baroness Burdett Coutts, who is the wealthiest woman in England, has just celebrated her 80th birthday, having returned from the continent to her native land for the occasion accompanied by her American husband, Mr. Burdett Coutts, who is nearly half a century her junior. The old lady is as hale and hearty, as lively and sprightly as ever, and, strange enough, seems to grow younger just as her Yankee spouse is aging rapidly. It will be remembered that it was owing to the Baroness' plethoric purse that the great fisheries of Baltimore, county Cork, were revived. The generous lady lent on three occasions thousands of pounds sterling for the purchase of boats and nets and charged no interest on the loan, which each time was scrupulously paid up by weekly instalments during the spring and autumn mackerel fishery season. She is idolized by these fishers of the sea.

Coxey's name, after having alarmed the old women of this country for some months, floated away from the pages of the press like the vision of a dream. Like Julius Cæsar, he came, and he saw, but he did not conquer Washington. His invasion of the national capital at the head of 400 and odd ragamuffins was a perfect opera-bouffe.

The cardinal archbishop and bishops of the Province of Westminster adopted at their recent annual meeting a series of resolutions on the position of Catholics in England, in respect to matters concerning public elementary education. These resolutions point out that Catholic parents cannot in conscience accept, or approve for their children a scheme of education in which secular instruction is divided from religious, and in which private interpretations of the Bible by school teachers can be at all tolerated; and further that the Catholic public, elementary schools satisfying the demands of the education department, have a right to a full share of public money. A committee was appointed to draft a bill on the latter subject. Cardi-Vaughan is theoretically right; but his bill has no hope of passing either house, each of which is crammed wine Anglican bigots—ever among the English and Scotch supporters of Rosebery.

John, the Orangeman, head-janitor of Harvard College, Cambridge, is an Irishman, and was born in the Orange town of Bandon, county Cork. No one appears to know what John's surname is. The other night, however, John crossed over town to a "towny's" house, where his host filled the janitor's stomach with many a tumbler of Irish whisky punch, and they had many a chat about their old schoolboy days in Bandon. John made many a curve line on his way to the car station. When at last he entered the car for Cambridge, which was filled with Harvard students they saw that the old gentleman wass full, and they chaffed him on his jag. Next day, the Bandonian was summoned to the room of President Eliot, and was asked how he could account for his absence last night without permission. John honestly admitted that he was on a spree. Eliot dismissed him, exclaiming: "John, I suppose you liked the jag all right, but don't do it again!"

There are two types of great muscular development at present on exhibition in Paris. One is the Swiss cyclist Zimmerman, who is the idol of the hour of the volatile populace of the French capital, for the present fad in France is cycling. Monsieur Jamas J. Corbett's popularity seems to be quite below par in the city of Paris.

The Republic of Hawaii is a possibility, in the very near future. The change of its government will not, however, restore domestic peace to islands whose inhabitants are of such diverse nationalities, colors, creeds, and political traditions.

Tim Healy's tongue is silent in the arena of Irish politics. No longer it vexes with its discordant notes the calm waters of public life. The shrewd lawyer's instincts warned him that Ireland would never tolerate a third party, with him at its head. So he sings mute just now.

In this perilous crisis, in Irish contemporary history, the strong hand, and all the powerful iron will of Parnell are sadly missed. He would never have permitted Gladstone to retire from the premiership until the latter's work had been accomplished.

The Tariff bill has been in pretty hard luck since the day when it first saw the light in Mr. Wilson's committee room; but in all its vicissitudes it has suffered no humiliation so cruel as that of being coupled with the Breckinridge trial as a compaign issue, in Kentucky. The poor, torn, and mangled tariff reform measure has many bitter enemies.

If Eugene Field has written the libretto of an opera-bouffe on "Honolulu," it ought to be very good. Sousa is said to be the composer of the music. It will be put behind the footlights of one of the theatres of this city next December.

A.O.H. GOSSIP.

The ball and entertainment given by Div. 36, of Hyde Park, on Tuesday evening, May 29, was a magnificent success. It is many years since a gathering so enthusiastic and representative assembled in Rosalie Hall. From the north and west of the city the Hibernians came to enjoy the first reunion in Hyde Park. In the words of Bro. W. A. Cunnea, "it was more than a success, it was a demonstration of the social status of the A.O.H. on the South Side." The entertainment was presided over by President John T. Keating, who in his opening address submitted to the audience the report of the late Omaha convention, dwelt on the progress and work of the Order, and extended a hearty "failthe" to all visitors. The programme was well chosen, and went through without a hitch, speaking well for the care exercised in the selection of talent. Mr. Daniel Curley rendered a comic baritone solo in excellent voice, and was followed by a splendid elocutionary effort in "Fontenoy" from Mrs. J. P. McGoorty. The lady is gifted with dramatic ability of a high order, and was warmly applauded. The Russell Brothers charmed the audience with their beautiful Irish quartette selections, and were succeeded by Miss M. E. Sheridan in a pretty ballad, which justly earned a hearty encore. Miss Sheridan, we understand, is the leading contralto in the choir of St. Thomas' parish. Miss Nellie Quinlan's rendition of the "Dear Little Shamrock" proved the possession of a voice of great promise, of excellent "timbre" and an upper register of bell-like clearness. The recitations of Mr. Thomas McGrath were undeniably the ablest the writer has heard from an amateur in a decade, and could only be equalled by the inimitable "impersonations" of Mr. J. F. McElherne. The Irish wit and humor and quick appreciation of the ridiculous in every day life was happily exemplified by the gifted humorist, and the audience compelled several encores. The rare qualities of Mr. Barron's splendid tenor voice were shown to great advantage in a favorite song, entitled "Sitting in the Twilight." Prof. Liscombe's singing and perfect accompaniment on the piano was applauded warmly, and our friends of Hyde Park Centre have reason to congratulate themselves on having in their midst so accomplished a musician. The programme closed with selections of Irish airs on the bagpipes from our old friend Prof. Barney Delany. We must not forget that number seven on the programme was an address from the Hon. M. V. Gannon. If hearty applause and manifest enthusiasm are gauges of an orator's success Mr. Gannon carried away the palm on last Tuesday evening. In clear voice and splendid delivery the gentleman raised the record of the Irishman on the American continent. Facts embellished by the purest rhetoric and clothed in glowing language carried away the attentive audience and the close of some sentences was lost in the whirlwind of applause that burst from the splendid gathering who crowded the hall. As the speaker proceeded he carried them back to sweet Innisfail, her struggles and her glories, over the battlefields of Europe and America where the green flag floated victorious and in touching words paid a beautiful tribute to the customs of Memorial Day and the heroes whose memory is celebrated. Mr. Gannon has been so retiring since he became a resident of Hyde Park that our good friends over there were not aware what talent was hid amongst them, and the prolonged applause which greeted the close of his able address spoke their earnest appreciation. It is hoped that Mr. Gannon will not be allowed to rusticate but be called on to assume his proper place in the van guard of Irish Nationalists in this city. The entertainment was followed by a ball, the close of which gave a happy ending to the best entertainment we have witnessed for years. So complete in every detail was the work of Vice-President Wm. A. Cunnea, assisted by Messrs. McGoorty and McMahon, an't the gentlemen deserve the highest credit. Brothers Pierce, Curry, Ea an and Dore watched over the comforts of the guests and their arrangements were highly creditable. J.

GAELIC ATHLETIC.

Football and Hurling

Last Sunday afternoon at the Gaelic Athletic Association Grounds, Thirty-ninth street and Wentworth avenue, there was a football match and hurling contest. Football was played by the O'Briens and the Grattans. The toss was won by the O'Briens, who played toward the south goal with a slight wind in their favor. From the start they had the best of it. Woods and Lehane rushed the ball into Grattan territory. Ryan and Dorgan made a strong defense, but Durkin succeeded in running around them and scored a point for the O'Briens. Before the ball got away from the Grattans' goal Durkin had scored another point. Burke, Fitzgerald, and Noonan made some good runs, and Durkin, Woods and Murphy were effective scorers. At half-time the O'Briens had a score of four points. In the second half the Grattans made things lively for their opponents. Lyons, Mahony and Cratty rushed the ball into O'Brien ground, but King, Kelleher and Shea prevented their attempts to score. Burke sent the ball to Durkin, who scored a goal. The Grattans kept their opponents for some time on the defensive, and Dorgan scored the only point made by that team. The result was: O'Briens, 2 goals and 5 points; Grattains, 1 point. P. Moriarty acted as referee. Following were the players:

O'Briens—P. D. Fitzgerald, captain; W. Shea, P. Lehane, J. Lehane, J. Fogarty, W. Noonan, T. Noonan, P. Durkin, J. Lenihan, E. Cahill, J. Woods, J. C. Woods, W. Burke, H. Ryan, T. Duggan, O. King, J. Kelleher, M. Wixted.

Grattans—J. E. Ryan, captain; Kerrigan, Conway, Lyons, Walsh, T. Quinn, B. Mahony, Cratty, Neville, O'Hern, Dorgan, McNarnon, B. J. Mahony, Sweeney, Kilroy, McGuire, Moore.

The Innisfails and O'Mahonys started to hurl, and a lively and scientific contest was engaged in from start to finish. The Innisfails played remarkably well. Callahan, Naughton, Sexton and Egan were always sure hitters, while the O'Mahony team appeared to be out of practice. Barry, Howe, Kennedy and Harrington played well, but several of their co-workers made many a "blind swipe." During the first half, though the Innisfails scored a goal and three points, they had their hands full. Barry scored a point for the O'Mahonys. In the second half both sides played a hot game. The Innisfails kept their opponents most of the time on the defensive. McCarthy, Byron, Naughton and Callahan scored point after point. Kennedy, Healy and Ievers did some good play for the O'Mahonys, but their forwards were unable to make any further score. The result was: Innisfails, 4 goals and 8 points; O'Mahonys, 1 point. The players were:

Innisfails—T. Naughton, captain; McCarthy, Conway, Sexton, Finucane, McNamara, M. Phelan, J. Phelan, P. Hartigan, M. Hartigan, M. Egan, John and James Callahan, T. Penny, J. White, Higgins and Sullivan.

O'Mahonys—J. Howe, captain; Barry, Clifford, Healy, Kennedy, Harrington, Sheehan, Ievers, Golloway, O'Donnell, T. Howe, O'Shea, O'Connell, Murphy, Connors, Driscoll and Dunne.

Referee—J. Furlong.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

The Schiller Opera Company at the beginning of the third week of its existence last Sunday night, packed the Schiller Theatre as it had probably never been packed before. "The Beggar Student," which had been received with the strongest demonstration of public favor and had been presented for two consecutive weeks with constantly increasing attendance and enthusiasm, was superseded by another of Millocker's popular compositions and probably the most popular of them all, "The Black Hussar." This production proved to be even a more sumptuous repast of music and mirth than its predecessor. It was an artistic triumph, and the daily papers of the city are unanimous and enthusiastic in the praise. Mr. William Wolff, the principal comedian of the company, has the humorous role of Hackeback, and his drollery keeps the audience happy from start to finish. J. Aldrich Libbey, the distinguished baritone, plays the part of Col. Von Helbert; William Stephens that of Hans Von Walderman; Beaumont Smith is Piffkow; Miss Agnes Delaporte is Minna. Miss Jane Stuart is Rosetta and Miss Ethel Lynton is Barbara, the housekeeper. The Schiller opera season is now an assured success, and the people of Chicago have the rare opportunity of seeing and hearing a series of adequate revivals of the standard light operas at prices that everybody can afford.

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St. Paul Park is located at Morton, Ill., 14 miles north of Chicago, on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. The grounds cover 80 acres on the North Branch river. One-half is a grove of large maples, the other half is a level meadow, suited for base ball, tennis and all outdoor games. Good boating on river, and in every way the most attractive picnic ground in the vicinity of Chicago. For further information, rates, etc., apply to H. E. Laing, City Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, 297 Clark street.

WEXFORD RECALLS '98.

Nationalists Gather On the Famous Battle Fields of the "Rebel" County On the Anniversary of Oulart Hill.

Some Account of One of Ireland's Most Gallant Efforts For Liberty and Independence.

[*Irish Weekly Independent, May 19.*]

On Sunday week, the seven-and twentieth day of May, Irish Nationalists will celebrate the memory of the Wexford Insurrection of 1798. The historic ground of Vinegar Hill, where the gathering is to be, is well suited as a trysting-place, for men who come with earnest hearts and living memories, "with stains to wash away," to celebrate such a period in our history. Here it was that the cause of Ireland a Nation was struck down and the standard of union with England set up, above the countless corpses of the brave men slain in our peasants' war. Irishmen can but regard such a spot as a National Golgotha soaked with the blood of unknown heroes, and to them the cross that stands on such a height cannot be the wooden monument above a grave, but must prove the symbol of resurrection.

On Sunday, the 27th day of May, in the year '98, an English flag that had fallen from the forces of the king in their flight from Oulart Hill was torn into tatters by a young peasant woman from the little town of Camolin. Then she with her cunning fingers fashioned love-knots of green ribbands, and tied them securely to the pike-staff of her sweetheart. On the previous evening the thatch of Boolavogue chapel had been fired by a party of yeomanry. Returning to barracks the loyalists encountered a strong body of farmers, who exchanged shots with them, thereby killing a lieutenant of the English line. Next morning, that of Whit Sunday, these same farmers, joined by other country people, in all numbering some five hundred men, armed as best they could and headed by a man least likely of any in his country to appear in arms, assembled on Oulart Hill. They were there as persecuted people standing at bay. Their hearts were scorched by many and many a wrong; the pitch-cap and the flogging-cat and the half-hangings had done their work, and in open insurrection they sought redress and relief from the tyranny that oppressed them, from the ruffians who, in the words of the rebel ballad recounting the massacre in Carnew ball-alley:

"Would have crucified our Savior had
He been in Carnew."

These original insurgents came together from motives of self-preservation. They were prompted by desires of vengeance against the enemies of their creed and class. The United Irish system which strove to subvert the English power and combine all creeds and classes of Irishmen, although it already spread into their country, was practically unknown. But in time, as must happen again and again, when men combine in a just cause, they grew strong and enduring and determined, and were stirred to greater and loftier issues. The peasant woman who dishonored the English flags and gave patriotic favors to the pikemen fanned the spark of Nationality, which smouldered in their hearts until it grew into a living blaze, which spread along their ranks, purifying them from lesser motives and cheering them on weary night-marchings and hard-fought battle-fields.

The battle of Oulart Hill is a glorious memory. The simplest of military tactics, carried into effect with steady discipline, and, followed by an onslaught of pikemen, carried the day. It is not difficult to imagine the feelings of the conquerors flushed thus early in their career with victory. The satisfaction with which they snatched a few hours' sleep in the highlands around Carrigrue was but poor recompense for the dreary iliad they had to face in the months to come. But that night their dreams were sweet and cheering. In the morning they were wakened betimes, and fell upon Camolin, where there was a goodly prize of arms. Then they pushed on by forced marches to Ferns. Crossing the river at Scarawalsh, they were joined by large forces of men at Ballyorrell, and numbering close on 7,000, they came in sight of Enniscorthy town. A few hours' brisk fighting with a garrison who made a vigorous defense, and the place fell into the hands of the besiegers.

The vast multitude like a mountain torrent poured into the town, which had been fired in several places, and the English fell back on Wexford, where they attempted to mobilize their forces. Over the town of Enniscorthy like a tall sentinel rises Vinegar Hill, around which the river Slaney winds itself, embracing it like the arm of a mother. This strong position was seized by the insurgents as a fitting place for a camp, and from it, until they were finally dislodged and defeated, were directed their principal operations. On the night of the 29th of May the insurgents proceeded to the Three Rocks, a few miles from Wexford town, and made camp there for the night. Claney, who was out with the rebels, tells us that the night was very dark, and it was curious to hear the stragglers, or such as had separated from their respective bodies, calling each other aloud by the names of their different baronies. Those calls in the stillness of a very calm summer's night were heard distinctly by the outposts of the English garrison in Wexford, and from the names of so many baronies being incessantly repeated the enemy was impressed with the notion that the rebels had a greater numerical force than they really had. They felt deep and powerful anxiety for the issue of the next day's supposed attack. In the morning early a body of the king's troops on the march from Duncannon Fort to re-inforce the men in Wexford were surprised before it was yet daybreak. The Irish suffered them to advance close to their position, then rushed on them with more impetuosity than military skill, cutting them into pieces and capturing two howitzer guns, besides numerous small arms. Wexford then was deserted by the English, and Bagenal Harvey—who had been imprisoned there—was released by a tumult of peasants who exultingly forced upon him the generalship of their victorious lines. The principal headquarters were still at Vinegar Hill, where a few rough entrenchments had been set up, and the few guns they had captured placed in position. Encampments were also formed at Carrigrue and Carrickbyrne, outside New Ross, on the main artery into county Kilkenny. At Ballymanaan and Newtownbarry detached bodies from these encampments came into collision with the regular forces, and in both cases suffered defeat and sustained considerable loss.

But if these misadventures damped the ardour of the insurgents it was rekindled by the success of the "long bright pike on Tubberneering's day." Corriguna Hill was posted with a large force of peasants, resting on their arms, waiting for tidings of their compatriots with whom they were anxious to combine. Meanwhile, Gen. Loftus, with 1,500 fresh troops and five pieces of cannon, brought confidence to the hard-pressed and bestraggled English in Gorey. The insurgents were preparing to leave Carrigrue when word was brought them that they were to be attacked by the army from Gorey in two divisions and in conjunction with other troops. Myles Byrne, who was in this bloody business at Tubberneering, surprised a division under Col. Walpole there by pouring a tremendous fire from the fields and both sides of the road into his closely massed men, and then having the pikemen charge in full swing at them, so that the troops fled in the utmost disorder, leaving their cannon, two six-pounders, and a smaller piece in the hands of the people. Writing of this headlong pell-mell panic of his opponents, Byrne tells us that after they had thrown away their arms, accoutrements and everything to lighten them, "they were yet overtaken by our pikemen. It was curious to see many of them with their coats turned inside out. They thought, no doubt, that by this sign of disaffection to the English that when made prisoners they would not be injured."

On the 4th of June, Bagenal Harvey, as generalissimo of the united forces reviewed his men on Corbet Hill, a mile from the town of Ross, which it was intended to attack on the following morning. The story of the siege of Ross, of its short capture, of the miserable misbehavior of the multitude, of the scenes of carnage in its streets, and the murderous barbarities perpetrated by the ultimate victors of the day, followed by the barbarous atrocity of Scullabogue, must make all honest Irishmen hang their heads for shame. It is the one stain in the history of 'Ninety-Eight which time cannot wipe away. Its misery and squalid degradation seemed to hang like a dark cloud above the gallant bands of men who had triumphed with honor in previous engagements, and its recollection acted as a blighting influence on the leaders, 'numbing their confidence in their followers, until on the 21st of June they all fell together, leader and soldier and camp-follower alike, in the common fosse on Vinegar Hill.

THE SAXON.

BY JOHN BANIM.

He said that he was not our brother,
The mongrel he said what was true.
No, Erin, my dear island mother,
He ne'er had his black blood from you,
Though the milk that flows fresh from thy bosom
Gives vigor and health to his veins;
He's nought but a foul foreign blossom
Blown hither to poison our plains.
He said with the sword he'd enslave us,
And still at its point we must kneel.
The liar, though oft'times he braved us
We crossed it with hardier steel,
This witness his Richard our vassal,
His Essex whose plumes we trod down,
His William whose peerless sword tassle
We tarnished at Limerick town.
No; falsehood and fraud were our evil
While force not one fetter could twine;
But come Suxon, come Norman, come Devil,
We'll give them a sparth to the chine,
And if that again they should try us
To the music of trumpet and drum
With no traitor in us or nigh us
Let them come, the brigands, let them come.

ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The various speakers at the oratorical contest of the pupils of St. Ignatius' college at Central Music hall on Wednesday of last week covered almost every crisis of our history from the discovery of the new world down to the battle of Gettysburg. Mr. Cavanaugh called for a Homer to celebrate the renown of our earliest heroes. It has been said that the Iliad of our country has been enacted, but that nature has denied us a Homer to immortalize its heroes; yet he believed that the day is not far distant when a new Homer shall attune his lyre to a nobler inspiration and soar to poesy's loftiest heights celebrating the self-sacrifice and true heroism of our forefathers in America.

Mr. William Donoghue spoke of the explorers after the time of Columbus with a manly flow of words and an ease of gesture that showed consummate skill.

Messrs. Joseph Kanally and James Hayes grew eloquent over the martyr missionaries, Brebeuf and Jogues.

Messrs. John Cleary and James Donoghue panegyrized the patriotism of Archbishop Carroll and Charles Carroll of Revolutionary fame. The latter won most frequent applause, having been interrupted by the audience repeatedly.

Mr. Joseph Finn's topic was the Heroes of '61; nor did their transcendant merits suffer at his hands. He depicted the death scenes of O'Neil and Mulligan, whose last words were mindful not of themselves, but of the nation's honor. "Lay me down," said Mulligan, "but save the flag." If such men are traitors, cried the orator, then traitors are heroes.

Mr. Hobart Young passed over the career of the Jesuits in North America from the days when they were in the front rank in opening the savage wilderness to civilization and meeting martyrdom in every shape, from the wild men that dwelt then in the land, down to the present hour when against them are hurled the arrows of traitors who mask as the only loyal citizens of the land.

Judge Scales announced the votes as follows: Joseph Kanally, 335; Joseph Finn, 385; W. J. Donoghue, 366; James J. Donoghue, 385; Edmund Cavanaugh, 335; James Hayes, 341; Hobert P. Young, 387; John Cleary, 372.

Although there could have been found in the audience, outside of the various speakers' acquaintances and well-wishers, some who would have given the award to even those who received the lowest vote, yet the applause which greeted the announcement that Mr. Young is to wear the medal, showed that all were satisfied, and they approved the decision.

In the elocutionary contests the result was as follows: First (Senior) Section, medal awarded to D. Henry; F. O'Rourke and R. Gavin competing closely for the honor. Second Section, Richard J. Gannon obtained 1,239 votes to 1,236 for Edward O'Brien. Third Section, John P. O'Brien won with J. O'Rourke and P. Barry not far behind. Fourth Section, Arnold Damen McCabe was first; all the others of this division did remarkably well. S.

SGEULTA FIANNAIGHEACHTA.

Eachtradh Lomnochtainn Sleibhe Riabh, Ann so sios, mar leanas.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Leis sin, preabas Conán tre doras an dána amach, agus cloidbeamh naoi d-troigh 'nna dheasláimh de ghlan-cruaidh na Gearmáine agus méid rotha muillinn de sgiath daingean, doibhriste 'san láimh eile. Agus leath rosg leis sáighte go larthar a chinn, agus oiread doirn mile de'n t-sáil eile air an d-taolbh amuigh de'n lodhguil.

Is geárr do chuaidh Conán, an tan thárluigh fear de mhuintir an righ leis agus do shil an fear sin go m-ba duine d'á mhuintir féin Conán, agus is é dúbhairt:

"Ná h-éirigh nios sia, óir atá aon óglaoch amháin ag tuargaint an t-sluaigh. Ní fhacaidh riamh fear is feárr féidhm, 's is áille dreach agus deanamh 'ná é, agus ní thig neach saor ó n-a bhéimionnaibh."

"Cá cian uainn an t-lonad 'nna bh-fuil?" ar Conán.

"A meádhon an longphoirt," ar an t-óglaoch, "agus an uimhir is mó de'n t-sluagh 'nna bh-fuil timchioll air, agus ní thig leo a chosg d'á chaithualrgint."

"Cá h-áit a bh-fuil an righ?" ar Conán.

"Do thárluigh sé dham," ar an t-óglaoch, ag dul mar a bh-fuil Lomnochtain thar éis na bh-fear úd do cheangal agus do chruadhchuibhreach, agus do b'áil leis Lom, do thabhairt leis no go n-imreóchadh draoigheachd air an bh-fear úd, no go g-cuirfeadh chum báis é mar aon le drong d'Fhiannaibh Eirionn atá ceangailte aige."

Air chlos na m-briathar sin do Chonán, buaileas sgios-bhuille do'n g-cloidbeamh claisleathan a n-áird an mhuinéil air an óglaoch agus do chuir a cheann naoi n-acra ó'n g-colainn de'n bhorb-bhéim sin, agus gluaiseas féin d'lonsuidhe Diarmada, chum furtachta agus fóirthinn do thabhairt air, agus a deir an sgeulaidhe an tan thainig Conán a g-cómhfhogus do'n longphort, agus do chualaidh sgiath Dhiarmada an cómhthuargaint go d-tainic éadtromacht céille go h-iomlán air, ionnus go n-deachaidh d'aon léim a meádhon na sluagh mar gheilt gleanna no mar dheamhan aéir. Agus go m-ba cosamhuil le caor nimhe air dearglasadh gach béim d'á d-tugadh de gach leith dhe ag tuargaint sáriaoch agus ag teilgean a g-ceann agus a g-cos diobh chómh h-iomadamhail agus chómh tiúigh le cith clochshneachtaigh lá Márta. Agus ni h-áirmhithear go lá an bhráith ar thuit le Conán go ráinig Diarmuid agus é a m-beárnán baoghall an bháis, ó neart na g-curradh, ó fomad na lámh agus ó thiúghacht ar sleágh d'á sior-sháthadh air, ionnus nach raibh riamh a n-géibhinn budh mhó ná bhi an tan sin.

Air theacht do láthair do Chonán, thug tuargaint gan talse agus dith daoine gan cómhar air a raibh timchioll Dhiarmada an tráth sin, ionnus gur chuir Conán an ruaig orra as áit mórbhuailte na h-iorrguille, gur fágbhadh Diarmuid agus Conán 'nna n-uadh agus 'nna n-aonar air an lathair sin. Ann sin innsios Conán sgeula an righ do Dhiarmuid, agus mar a chualdh sé d'lonnsuighe Lom, agus a dubhairt le Diarmuid triall 'nna dhiaigh gan mhoill air eagla go n-imtheochadh uatha tre cheilg éigin.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

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THOMAS MOORE.

(CONTINUED FROM THE FIRST PAGE.)

he would take the "Repeal pledge," confident though he was that it would not lead to separation from England. He has been charged with being an "absentee" and living out of Ireland. Literature was his profession, and what market had he for it in Dublin? Has he no claim to justice at our hands? The incident I have already alluded to touching his last days and interment is alike susceptible of explanation.

From 1846 or thereabout he showed increasing signs of decay of mental power, and, as with Swift, Scott, Southey, O'Connell and other literary veterans, softening of the brain steadily set in. The last three or four years of his life his intellect became quite clouded. No one but his wife so much as saw him the last two years of his life. This is the period fixed upon by the religious scandal-mongers for his so-called "apostacy." What other man was ever held accountable for the days he passed in mental darkness? It is feared he was buried with a Protestant service of some kind, and poor Bessie was roundly rated for it by the Catholic journals of the day as "an outrage on her Catholic husband, and an insult to Catholic Ireland." From all I have ever been able to find out regarding this thing, the charge has never been duly substantiated by even respectable hearsay evidence. He was buried very privately in Bromham churchyard, only three or four friends being in attendance. There were no Catholics and no Catholic church near Moore's residence for fifty or sixty years, and if, perchance, some service was read or some prayer offered at the dismal little funeral, those few friends and poor Bessie undoubtedly thought they were doing the best they could. I certainly do not conceive that there was anything in these facts to cast a shade of suspicion on the constancy of one who stood so manfully by his co-religionists amid their darkest hours, and has left so many imperishable monuments of his faith behind him. (Applause.) He was a regular attendant at mass in Warwick Street Chapel, when in London, and so was his son. Lord John Russell attests "that he lived and died a Catholic." He enjoyed the confidence of the Archbishops Murray, McHale, Dr. Doyle, O'Connell, and all of the leaders of the Catholic opinion in Ireland. While in England he was the intimate friend of Cardinal (Dr.) Wiseman and Dr. Lingard, and was invited by Wiseman to contribute articles on delicate ecclesiastical subjects in the Dublin *Review*. In dismissing this subject I desire to say, as a priest and one whose intensity as a Catholic priest has never, I think, been questioned, that the longer I live the less respect I am learning to feel for that genus of Catholic who is forever coming forward with imputations like this upon prominent men, whose ambition and aim in life seem to be to read somebody out of the church, and whose own religious functions are exhausted, as is generally the case—in swooping around to discover *pro bono publico* whether someone else "made his Easter duties" or not. So far as I have observed the eminent service these persons render to the church is to deprive her of the credit of the membership of such men as Moore, Michaud, Chateaubriand, Pope, Dryden, and Boyle O'Reilly. It is to that class of animal that we owe, quite exclusively, the insinuations in circulation regarding Moore's religion, and he is twin brother to the other ape who has thought to deprive Ireland of him by impugning his patriotism—religious and racial ghouls who unearth dead men's bones, but whose grimaces can only impose upon the ignorant. (Applause.) If Ireland had borrowed O'Connell from Spain; if she had caught Father Mathew from the skies; if France had given birth to her noblest son and named him Robert Emmet, and if Curran and Grattan had never been born, still that little island would be remembered for ages, and I think forever, as the birthplace and country of Thomas Moore. (Applause.)

Why, this man was greater than Columbus, for he faced more determined hostility and vanquished it with greater ease; he opened to the world a mental and spiritual continent which will be sought out by the oppressed of every clime till Time or tyranny shall be no more, whilst the multitudes of the earth that claim an Irish ancestry in every land will continue to learn and love Tom Moore the better as the light of receding ages brightens his memory. When nations dissolve, their great men move behind a curtain that but few ever raise; when wars are over and the dashing soldier and great commander rest for fame in some historical catalogue or brief publication, then, as the Psalms of David and songs of Solomon outlive the triumphs and the temples which they reared, so will the melodies of Moore resist the corroding marks of Time and live, and still live on, while the human soul retains emotion and Ireland raises her lofty peaks above the level of the sea. (Prolonged applause.) It is not within the scope of my province here tonight to discuss his poetry. I have disclaimed this intention at the beginning, though candidly I profess some slight pretensions thereon. He has many anniversaries yet to come. Let me say that I consider our failure to do justice to his memory due to the fact that we try too much at once. I honor intensely the purpose of this association. I commend to those who follow me the consideration of his merits point by point. He is one of those men—those rare men—whom you cannot deal with biographically in one evening; he is a man whose writings you cannot condense. A great lawyer and litterateur said to me some yeers ago, "I tried to lecture on Laila Rookh, but it was like writing a brief upon Erskine—the condensing had all been done." I think anyone who has studied Moore a little will see the virtue of this saying.

Moore was too many-sided to be dealt with once for all. It cannot be done; and the simple reason is that he was imbued so thoroughly with the spirit of his country, and comprehended so accurately the range of his subject, and lent his mind so exclusively to the condensation of it, that no man thereafter can "draw a brief." He has written a book of poetic national gospels. What we have to do is study, contemplate and explain them. Therefore this evening I have tried to confine myself to the one leading point—the salient feature of his character—that he was an Irishman. It is a worthy subject and I leave it in worthy hands. I hope that those who follow me will train the harpsi-chord and acquaint you with the power which he did not indeed create—but which he had the soul to appreciate—the power there is in Irish recollection and which lives in Irish music expressive of Irish life. (Applause.) And if in that refined disquisition, you find as years go on, that he was not, in all things, and on every occasion, clear up to the type we have learned to love and to exact from our own alone—why, then, I will ask you, with a tear, to—

"Blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream
He has tried to forget what he never could heal,
Oh! give but a hope, let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel:
That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down
Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored,
While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown
Like the wreath of Harmodius would cover his sword."

Mr. Parnell (cheers and applause) a few years since voiced a practical thought when he said, in prospect of Ireland's independence, that "she would need every man she had, be he Protestant or Catholic;" and it seems to me, in view of the present state of affairs, that Ireland needs every man she ever had—excepting Castlereagh. (Applause.) We are not standing high in the world's estimation today, nor what is infinitely worse, in our own; nor do I think that our former prestige with ourselves, with the nations, will again be restored until Irish swords shall once again be lifted in battle. (Great applause.) Our forensic ability, our parliamentary performances are all very well, but the world has had too much of them. The nations have ceased to think of us: we have almost ceased to think of ourselves, as the men not alone of lightning wits but of lightning sabres. (applause), and I know of nothing better calculated to prepare us for that dread but inevitable ordeal, which we have so often sustained before, than the music of Ireland the poetry of Moore. (Long continued applause.)

Other musical numbers were then rendered by the lyric artists, and the audience dispersed after having enjoyed a delightful feast of eloquence and song.

The Moore Memorial Committee desire to return their sincere thanks to the following firms for their liberality in patronizing the programme at Mr. Finerty's request: Lyon & Healy, Hibernian Bank, H. R. Eagle & Co., P. H. Heffron, Richelieu Wine House; Cooke Brewing Co.; Gore's Fireproof Hotel, J. M. Crennan, Fortune Bros. Brewing Co., McAvoy Brewing Co., W. W. Kimball Co., Conrad Seipp Brewing Co., Pabst Brewing Co., Keeley Brewing Co.

A full statement of receipts and expenditures will be given when all the returns are in.

Sam Jack's.

Dan Creedon's Athletic and Vaudeville Combination is the attraction at Sam T Jack's Empire this week. The combination is made up of four champion pugilists and the strong specialty actor, Dan Creedon. The olio contains many old favorites.

Tossing on the "Briny"

Is very far from amusing, untraveled reader, if so be you are one. A rebellion fomented by each mountainous wave that smites the vessel's hull threatens absolutely to dislodge your very vitals from their natural resting place, and a nausea so frightful that it would reconcile you to a termination of your sufferings by shipwreck harasses you. Well for you then, or rather before this crisis, if you are provided with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a swift remedy for and preventive of the nausea of travelers by sea or land, nervousness caused by the vibration of the screw of a steamer or the jarring of a railway train, and an antidote to bowel, liver and stomachic troubles caused by impure water and unaccustomed food. The Bitters also, counteracts the effects of fatigue and exposure, and is a safeguard against malaria, rheumatism and kidney trouble.

How I Stepped Onto the Platform.

I made what worldly people call a "bad break," right at the start, but it proved to be a very effective key in opening the risibilities of the audience and establishing a feeling of good humor. "I want it understood," said I, "that I am not here tonight for personal gain or seeking fame. I have tendered my services to the Lord in a worthy cause, and if He don't kick on my lecture none of you fellows have a right to." For a moment some of the old veteran believers on the front seats looked horrified; then a jolly, fat sister, whom I have ever since recalled with a feeling of gratitude, laughed outright. Her mirth was contagious, and a moment later the whole audience joined in a laugh, which made the gas-jets flicker.

Placing my manuscript before me, as I had seen other speakers do, I began, stumbled, began again, struck a big word that I had forgotten how to pronounce, felt a conflagration starting in my face, swallowed at the fragments of the big word, which was sticking in my throat, and then stopped—stuck—not able to utter a word. A feeling of desperation came over me, and, seizing the manuscript, I tore it into pieces, and hurled the fragments to the floor. I then told my audience that I had prepared what a few friends to whom I had submitted it pronounced the best lecture ever written, but I could not read it, and with their permission I would abandon the idea of delivering a lecture and just talk to them awhile.

I began with some simple bits of Western experience, and as I warmed up to the work other experiences came, flooding my memory; stories which I had forgotten came back to me and demanded recognition, and I fired them into the listening ears before me; poems of my own production presented themselves in places which seemed especially fitted for them, and I recited them just as I had often done to the boys around the campfire in the mountains, and, through all the evening, I had those good, Christian people worked up to a pitch of enthusiasm which often burst forth in the most generous applause or most hearty laughter. I could hear the pastor behind me at times groan, say "Oh, dear," and laugh until I imagined I could feel the pulpit tremble, while the good faces in front of me were contorted with merriment into the most grotesque shapes. When I at last subsided and sank into a seat, exhausted, the pastor grasped my hand, patted me familiarly on the shoulder, and assured me I had proved a revelation to the congregation. He said he had never been more highly entertained, had never laughed more heartily, and with a queer smile, added: "Have no fear of the Lord 'kicking' on that talk, Brother Crawford.—*Capt. Jack Crawford, in Home and Country for May.*

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SULLIVAN & HEALY, LAWYERS, 87 WASHINGTON STREET.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss.—Circuit Court of Cook County. To the May Term, A. D. 1894. Free Home Building, Loan and Homestead Association, a corporation, etc., vs. Thomas Vizard, Catherine Vizard and Ernest N. Smith. In Chancery. No. 127,755.

Notice is hereby given to the said defendant, Thomas Vizard, that the above named complainant heretofore filed its Bill of Complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May A. D. 1894, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.

David Sullivan, Compl'ts Sol'r.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, LAWYERS, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Probate Court of Cook County. To the May term, A. D. 1894. Patrick J. McCarthy, Administrator of the estate of John Reynolds, deceased, vs. Albina Reynolds, Kate Reynolds, Mary Reynolds alias Minnie Reynolds, Margaret Kennedy, Patrick Kennedy, William Reynolds, Owen Reynolds, Robert Berger, as Trustee, Henry Martin and John Holloway. Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.

Affidavit of the non-residence of Albina Reynolds, Kate Reynolds, Mary Reynolds alias Minnie Reynolds, William Reynolds, Owen Reynolds, Margaret Kennedy and Patrick Kennedy, defendants above named, having been filed in the office of the Clerk of said Probate Court of Cook County, notice is hereby given to the said Albina Reynolds, Kate Reynolds, Mary Reynolds alias Minnie Reynolds, William Reynolds, Owen Reynolds, Margaret Kennedy and Patrick Kennedy, that the said petitioner, Patrick J. McCarthy, Administrator of the estate of John Reynolds, deceased, has heretofore filed his petition in said Probate Court of Cook County, praying for a decree for the sale of the real estate belonging to the estate of said deceased, or so much of it as may be needed to pay the debts of said deceased, and described as follows, to-wit: Lot number One (1) in Dickey and Baker's Subdivision of Block Five (5) in Thompson and Holmes' Subdivision of the east forty-five (45 acs) acres of the north sixty (60 acs) acres of the Southeast quarter (S. E. ¼) of Section Seventeen (17) Township Thirty-eight (38), North, Range Fourteen (14) east of the Third (3d) principal meridian, situated in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, subject to a trust deed dated May 31, 1889, given by said decedent to Robert Berger, Trustee, to secure his note for the sum of $500, of even date with said trust deed, and that a summons has been issued out of said court against you, returnable to the May Term, A. D. 1894, of said court, to be holden on the third Monday of May A. D. 1894, at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County.

Now, unless you, the said Albina Reynolds, Kate Reynolds, Mary Reynolds alias Minnie Reynolds, William Reynolds, Owen Reynolds, Margaret Kennedy and Patrick Kennedy shall personally be and appear before said Probate Court of Cook County, on the first day of a term thereof, to be holden at Chicago, in said county as aforesaid, on the third Monday of May, 1894, and plead, answer or demur to the said complainant's petition filed therein, the same, and the matters and things therein charged and stated, will be taken as confessed, and a decree entered against you according to the prayer of said petition.

ROBERT C. SULLIVAN, Clerk.

Sullivan & Healy, Compl'ts Sol'rs.

CANOE SONGS.

Strength of the arm that gave the blade,
Make my heart strong and unafraid.

And, wind, come while I ask, that I
May see the frolic clouds go by.

As one may love a brother true,
I love my boat, my paddle, I love you.

Where I can hear a rush and hear
The song of rippling water and clear,

With now and then a winter blast
Through towering tree-top dashing past.

These are the dreams that men will know
When down the shimmering streams they flow.

We are content when winds propel,
Or when our arms the way compel.

Our only thought is this—to steer
Of hidden rock and sand bar clear.

The sweetest hours of life are when
I journey from the sight of men,

Dipping the blades that, left and right,
Are wings that give me ready flight.

It makes me glad to see the town
Behind the hills and bluffs go down,

Knowing that liquid pathways run
To where the sweetest peace is won.

—Outing.

THE LITTLE CHAP.

The Little Chap had been humored from the time he was born, but he was such a fascinating Little Chap that nobody could help humoring him. He was stubborn, he was headstrong, he was naughty, if you like, the Little Chap, but in his very naughtiness there was something really captivating, which won your heart, but played the mischief with your dignity. When he stood before you with his legs far apart, his hands in the pockets of his much patched trousers, and the magnitude of his defiance so out of proportion to that of his tiny body, you were altogether at a disadvantage, and I am not sure but that the Little Chap in the innocent slyness of his heart felt that you were at his mercy. A little patched cherub like him, with tousled blond hair and an enormous sense of his own importance, would have been no mean antagonist to Hercules himself, and so secure was he in the consciousness of his valor that he would not have been afraid to tackle Hercules.

The Little Chap's father, Amund Myra, was a carpenter by trade and lived in one of the loneliest mountain valleys of Norway. His wife, Kari, had presented him with five daughters before it occurred to her to present him with a son, and his joy at the last arrival had only been equaled by his disgust at the five previous ones. The Little Chap took instant possession of his father's heart, which had been kept purposely vacant for his reception. When the nurse brought him on the evening of his arrival upon a pillow and placed him across Amund's knees, the carpenter freely forgave his wife her five past delinquencies in consideration of the Little Chap, for this was not the usual infantile vegetable that simply fed and slept. It was a quaint and sturdy little personality, that took in the world, his father included, with a slow, wondering gaze, and seemed to do a vast deal of profound and solemn thinking. Amund could not rid himself of the impression that his son viewed him rather critically, as if he were debating with himself whether, on the whole, he liked his appearance and found him a fairly saisfactory parent. He was very much afraid that he did not come up to the Little Chap's standard. He was absurdly anxious to make as favorable an impression as possible. There was something peculiary wise and venerable in the Little Chap's aspect as he lay there upon the pillow. "What tremendous secrets that Little Chap must know," mused his father, "if he only chose to divulge them—secrets of the sun, and the moon, and the great unknown from whence he came!"

And thus it happened that from the hour of his arrival the Little Chap came to be regarded as a person of tremendous consequence. It was impressed upon him from the time he lay in the cradle that he was a boy, and that a boy was a superior kind of creature, who had nothing except certain accidental points of anatomy in common with girls, which latter species had been wisely created by the Lord to wait upon him. He was not very big before Amund, who could not bear to be separated from him, got into the habit of taking him along when he went out into the valley to do a job.

There the Little Chap would sit proudly perched upon his father's shoulder, bundled up in scarfs and with a fur cap that was much too big for him pulled down over his ears. He was not a talkative child, but there was a slow and old fashioned kind of gravity about him which made everything he said infinitely droll. He took himself very seriously and allowed no trifling with his dignity. He took much satisfaction in the thought that he was helping his father, and Amund rather encouraged the idea, giving him a hammer with which he pounded nails into a piece of board and occasionally mashed his fingers. And all day long, while the carpenter worked, whether indoors or out of doors, the Little Chap bustled about him, sat in the shavings whittling sticks or chipped the edge of the plane by running it into the heads of the nail, which he drove in wherever a convenient place presented itself.

But whatever mischief he got into, whatever tools he ruined, Amund regarded it only as a fair price which he paid for his company. And never once did he scold the Little Chap, but gravely explained to him why he must not do such things, as if he had been a grownup man. And the Little Chap would listen gravely, with a quivering under lip, and when the kindly homily was at an end he would lie very still, with his head buried in the shavings, feeling terribly humiliated at the thought of his delinquency. The next day, when Amund started out, carrying his tools in a bag on his back, the Little Chap would meet him at the door, and with a dubious and anxiously expectant look would ask:

"May I help you today, dad?"

"Yes, Little Chap, you shall help me today," Amund would answer heartily, as he lifted him up on his shoulder.

"How could dad get along without his Little Chap?"

Many a time, too, when his comrades whistled for him under the window, and he was sorely tempted to accept the invitation to join in their games, the thought would occur to him that his dad needed his help, and gravely he would go to the door, and with a droll sense of responsibility explain that he had to help his dad.

Thus winters passed and summers until the Little Chap was 5 years old. He tyrannized over his sisters, as usual, and accepted their worship as nothing but his due. He was a sore trial to his mother on account of his stubbornness and because he was "so hard on his clothes." But to his father he was a stanch and loyal friend—I could almost say an older friend, for he began early to feel a kind of responsibility for Amund and a droll kind of protectorship. He made him go back and put on his coat when he started out in his shirt sleeves in chilly weather. He would send him back to shave of a Sunday morning when he proposed to go to church with a two days' beard, and he would take his dad's part at the table when the mother would scold him or make unpleasant remarks implying disrespect.

"Mother always thinks that everybody can do things better than my dad," he would observe in his slow drawl, when his dad had been unlucky enough to arouse his wife's displeasure, and straightway dad would feel a little horny paw under the table grasping for his own. That was his way of consoling his dad.

He believed fully that his dad was the wisest, the cleverest and the best of men, and however unworthy he might feel himself, what comfort, what happiness it was to this poor overworked carpenter to have one creature on earth who reposed this touchingly unquestioning trust in him! What "my dad" said that was law, and what "my dad" did was always admirable, and though dad was conscious of many a failing he would go to the door, and with a droll sense of responsibility explain that he had to help his dad.

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People said he spoiled the boy, and the mother particularly, who was a trifle jealous of their intimacy, declared that it was time the Little Chap was sent to school and learned something besides whittling and cutting his fingers. This seemed so perfectly rational that, out of consideration for the Little Chap, Amund was at last persuaded to send him to school. It was of no use that the boy wept and declared that he wanted to be with his dad. How was his dad to get on without his help? What would become of dad if he did not look out for him? This idea that he was helping dad became so rooted in his mind that he harped upon it early and late and grieved himself thin and pale for fear that his dad might come to harm without him.

Somehow life was no more the same to Amund after his loss of the Little Chap's companionship. There was no joy any more in his work, and it seemed, too, that his luck had deserted him. Once he ran a file, the handle of which broke, into his hand, and another time he nearly split his kneepan with an adz. Then he was laid up for three weeks. Provisions ran very low in the house. Kari, his wife, began to talk about applying for help to the guardians of the poor. It was then the plan matured in Amund's mind to cross the ocean and begin life over again in the new world, where a man of his skill certainly could accomplish something more than to keep out of the poorhouse.

Accordingly, though it nearly broke his heart to part from the Little Chap, he crossed the Atlantic, promising to send for the family as soon as he had founded a home for them in the great west. He begged hard to be allowed to take the Little Chap with him, but Kari would not listen to that, because to her the Little Chap was a kind of a pawn, a guarantee that her husband meant to keep his word and send for her and the undesirable girls as soon as his circumstances warranted. Her conscience was not quite easy in regard to her treatment of him, and she could afford to take no chances.

Amund arrived in Chicago at a time when skilled carpenters were scarce and wages high. There was a great deal of building going on, and he had no difficulty in obtaining work. He was a master in his trade, thoroughly honorable, frugal and industrious. It is not to be denied, however, that life is a dreary affair to one who toils and toils from morning till night, and whose starved heart cries out every hour and minute of the day for one who is far away. Where is the Little Chap now? What is the Little Chap doing now? How does he look? Does he care so much for his dad as he did, and is he eager as ever to help his dad?

These were Amund's constant reflections whenever a little respite from labor afforded him a chance to think. Sitting with his dinner pail, leaning against his workbench, he would shut his eyes and fancy he saw the Little Chap standing before him, with his grimy little fists in his patched trousers, and his tousled yellow head a little on one side as he looked up into his dad's face and said, "How would you ever get on without me, dad?" Or he would lose himself in the thought of the oft repeated scene at the dinner table, when the little chap stood up for his dad manfully, and the little hand, with its sweetly comforting touch, stole into his under the table. And then the tears would gather in his eyes and roll slowly down his cheeks, leaving a grimy track like that of a rain drop on a dusty window pane.

"My Little Chap, my dear Little Chap," he would murmur as he arose and returned to his toil, "when shall I ever see you again?"

It was this burning heart hunger for his boy which made him turn every penny many times before he could persuade himself to spend it. He grew positively stingy, denying himself the necessary food and clothes, always trying to do with a little less, in the hope of hastening the day when he should be able to send for the Little Chap. He worked surreptitiously after time in order to earn some extra pennies, and he got the reputation among his fellow workmen of being a mean, penurious skinflint, who hoarded his wages with a view to becoming a boss some day and lording it over them. He was accordingly excessively unpopular and only succeeded in escaping injury by keeping scrupulously out of every one's way and ignoring insults which made his blood boil.

At the end of one year Amund had saved $550 from his wages, but having no confidence in the banks he carried the entire amount in gold eagles in a leather belt about his waist. The consciousness of carrying so much money made him, however, very uneasy and disturbed his sleep. Four or five times every night he started up in terror, having dreamed that his money was stolen. It then occurred to him that the only safe way to dispose of it would be to invest it in a cottage and lot on the West Side, where land was yet cheap. Land could not run away, and a house not even the most daring thief could steal. Distrusting every one in this bewilderingly strange land, he was in no haste to solicit advice. But one day an advertisement in a Scandinavian paper caught his eyes and set him thinking. It read as follows:

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.

The Fenston Real Estate Investment company sell choice city lots, improved and unimproved, on the installment plan. West Side property a specialty.

Amund cut this out, read it at least 20 times a day and carried it in his pocket for weeks before he summoned courage to call at the address designated. But his hoard kept increasing week by week, and his anxiety grew apace. Why should he not call upon the Fenston Real Estate Investment company? It was the poor man's friend, the advertisement said, and might offer him some good advice as to the best way of acquiring a home in the shortest possible time, for he was growing eagerer every day for the sight of the Little Chap.

Finally, one day in the early spring, he called upon the Fenston Real Estate Investment company. He had fancied from the advertisement something very complicated and magnificent and was somewhat disappointed at being confronted with a sandy haired and very pimpled young man, who sat in his shirt sleeves in a scantily furnished back office, chewing a toothpick.

"Is this—the—the—office of the Fenston Real Estate Investment company?" queried Amund respectfully.

"Yes," the young man replied, taking his feet down from the table. "What can I do for you?"

"I—I—should like to see the—the—president of the company, if—if—you would be so very kind as to call him," Amund remarked apologetically.

"I regret to say the president is out of town at present," said the plausible youth, "but won't you sit down, please? I think perhaps I can give you all the information you require, and I need not say I shall be very happy if I can be of service to you."

There was something so insinuating in the young fellow's manner that Amund, though he had resolved to be very cautious, soon found himself talking freely.

The next day the young man—Farley was his name—dropped in upon him, by pure chance, it seemed, while he was having his noon rest, and they became better acquainted. The following Sunday they met again, and Farley took Amund about in a buggy and showed him all the property he had for sale on the West Side. He invited him to lunch with him in his little cottage on West Indiana street, where he was living, and the upshot of many interviews and conversations was that he offered this cottage, with lot, to Amund for $2,000, possession to be granted when $1,200 had been paid, and a mortgage to be given for the remaining amount. It seemed all so perfectly fair and square that Amund, after having got the price down to $1,800 and the furniture thrown in, had no hesitation in closing the bargain. He paid over to Farley the $800 which he had then accumulated and received an acknowledgment of the amount from him, with promise of deed on payment of $400 more.

Then he picked out the room which was to belong to the Little Chap (the girls might take what was left), and all day long during his work he hummed to himself or broke into snatches of unmelodious song at the thought of the Little Chap's pleasure in that room and the furniture which he would make with his own hands for the Little Chap's comfort. He worked with a will now and would scarcely grant himself time for sleep, for every blow with his hammer and every whiz of his saw brought the Little Chap nearer.

Then another year passed. Month by month Amund handed over his savings to Farley, who pocketed them in a cool, businesslike manner, and at last, when the $1,200 had been paid, he kept his word and gave a deed of the property to the carpenter. Joyously then Amund wrote to his wife, telling her to make no delay in coming, for he had now a home of his own in which to receive her and the children. And it was all furnished, and there was a separate room for the Little Chap—God bless him!—where he could keep all his funny little traps, so that his sisters wouldn't annoy him.

Much he wrote in this strain, for his heart was overbrimming with joy, and life seemed brighter and more beautiful to him than ever before. The only thing that troubled him a little was the fact that the family who lived in the house had not yet moved out. But Farley explained that their lease did not expire until April 1, and that in the meanwhile he would have to be patient. On April 2 they would be gone, and then he could take possession.

I shall not attempt to describe the meeting between the Little Chap and his dad. It was just the 2d of April when the family arrived in Chicago and were put, like so much baggage, into an express wagon and driven to West Indiana street. Amund ran up the front steps with the Little Chap in his arms to show off his cottage, and the wife and the five girls, all bundled up with scarfs until they looked like walking haystacks, scrambled out of the wagon as best they could. Farley had promised to be there with the keys, and formally put the new owner in possession. It annoyed Amund a good deal when his first and second ring at the doorbell remained unanswered, and still more annoyed was he when at the third a man who had not the least resemblance to Farley opened the door and asked him, in language more vigorous than polite, what he wanted.

"I—I have bought this house," Amund said, with an air of righteous indignation, "and I was told by Mr. Farley that you were to move out on the 1st of April."

The occupant of the house smiled an extremely unpleasant smile and asked coldly, "Whom did you buy it of?"

"Mr. Farley."

"That is a great pity, for he never owned it."

"But where is he? He promised me the keys last night."

"He has gone west."

"Gone west?" An icy terror clutched at the Norseman's heart, and he reeled backward as if he had been struck. "Good God!" he groaned, sinking down upon the topmost step. "Good God!"

The Little Chap, seeing his distress, wound his arms tightly about his neck and rubbed his cheek against his face. He sat thus for five or ten minutes, while the five blond bundled up girls stood on the sidewalk staring at him with innocent stupidity. Then the man of the house reappeared and ordered them in harsh language to move on. And when they only continued to stare in uncomprehending wonder two policemen were sent for, and the whole family were huddled into a patrol wagon and driven to the nearest police station. There Amund, under the stress of answering the required questions, was aroused sufficiently from his dumb misery to send for a Norwegian lawyer, who presently made his appearance. He listened to the carpenter's story and then shook his head mournfully.

"You have been swindled, my friend," he said. "You ought to have been more cautious."

"But—but, lawyer," the poor fellow went on, gazing into his face, with an anguished expectancy, "he—he—sold me—the house—and here I've got the papers. It's all right, surely. Ain't it, lawyer?"

The lawyer looked at the paper which was handed him and then dropped it contemptuously on the floor.

"A very clumsy forgery," he said.

"But—but—he couldn't surely sell me—what—what didn't belong to him, lawyer?"

"Yes, he could, if any one was fool enough to buy."

"But, lawyer—I say, lawyer—do you mean to say now, that—that I have worked and slaved nigh on to three years, and often starved and skimped myself, for the Little Chap's sake—do you mean to say that—that man is to have it, and not my Little Chap?"

Beads of cold perspiration burst out upon his brow, and the pained wonder and stunned bewilderment in his face were pitiful to behold. His slow wits could not yet grasp the situation, and he was obviously hoping against hope that there was some terrible misunderstanding at the bottom of it all, and that sooner or later it would be cleared up.

The lawyer had in all his practice never encountered so heartrending a case. He weighed his words well before he answered, "My dear friend, you have paid dearly for your first experience in the new world.'

Amund, taking slowly the bearings of this remark, stood before him with a vacant look of dawning terror; then tremblingly he raised his hands toward the ceiling and cried, with a frightful energy, "But, God, what are you doing up there in heaven when such things can happen upon the earth?"

There was a hush as of death in the station room. In the presence of so monstrous a wrong every one stood helpless and a little awed. After the terrible explosion of despair Amund's head dropped upon his breast, his knees tottered, and he fell in a heap upon the floor.

The Little Chap, who had stood with his hands in his pockets, a puzzled frown upon his face during this strange scene, grew suddenly alarmed as his father fell. He strove bravely to disguise his distress, which he held to be unmanly, but his lips quivered, and his eyes were full of tears.

"Dad," he said, stooping over the prostrate form of his father, with a touching air of loving protectorship, "dad, I wouldn't take on so if I were you." He waited anxiously for a response, and when none came he continued in a soothingly comforting tone: "Dad, dear dad, don't you worry. I'll help you, dad.

The sweet old well remembered phrase penetrated through the stricken man's numb lethargy of despair. He raised himself suddenly on his knees, stared with a wakening wonder at the child; then, closing him in his arms, he burst into tears.

"Yes, my Little Chap," he cried, "you will help me. And may God forgive me for despairing as long as I have you!"

And he arose with the Little Chap in his arms, and the two began bravely the battle of life anew.—Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen in Harper's Weekly.

Happy Memphis!

If Memphis is not immortalized in song, it will not be because of any scarcity of poetic genius. No city can boast of sweeter singers or more persistent wooers of the muse, and no city is richer in the rare beauties of poetic fancy.—Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER No. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER No. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER No. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER No. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER No. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
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No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER No. 24.

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SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
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HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

SENSATIONS OF DROWNING.

The Experiences of a Man Who Barely Escaped a Watery Grave.

When the water rushed into my lungs and stomach, it felt for all the world like a pleurisy pain, which has also given me a tussle in later years, but was over in a second, writes a man who was once nearly drowned. Then my body settled quietly to the bottom, and my arms fell limp by my side. In my half conscious condition I could see all my relatives and acquaintances crowding about me and looking down on me with tearful faces. All the events, it seemed, of my career passed slowly in review, and the good, bad and indifferent acts stood out before me in bold relief. I knew I was drowning and remember thinking, "Why, this is not so hard, after all!"

I wondered where my body would be found and shuddered at the thought that it might never be found. I also wondered whether or not my companion had become alarmed and run away and left me to my fate, or whether he was diving here and there to find me. Then I pictured my burial, and how the clods would resound on my coffin when it was lowered into the grave, and my fate would be pointed out to other boys by anxious mothers as a warning.

At the next stage I could hear bells softly ringing in the distance, together with little tinklings and chirrups sounding in my ears. Then I began to see pretty pictures. The colors of the rainbow danced before my eyes and intermingled and formed into all sorts of odd shapes. I had no pain and no fear of what was expected to follow. I seemed to be enchanted at the scene before me. Everything was light and calm and moved about without any visible impelling force. It was like looking into a large mirorr with every beautiful thing that the most vivid imagination could conjure up revealed thereby.

The last stage that I entered increased the beauty of the surroundings. All discordant noises ceased and were superseded by the softest, sweetest music that could be thought of. Apparently I had been transported to a place flooded with bright, calm sunshine. It was neither too hot nor too cold, but seemed like a clear autumn day. Then I seemed to rise from the ground and float off into space like thistle down. Higher and higher I went until I seemed to look down on the world from a great height, and then came a blank.

The next thing I knew I was lying on the raft with my companion looking down on me with a pale face.—New York Journal.

Chinese Women's Feet.

It is the common understanding among Americans that the women of China have dwarfed feet. From the time that China was opened to explorers books of travel, and especially school textbooks, have been filled with descriptions of the dreadful agony to which Chinese women were subjected to make their feet small. According to these stories and according to the popular belief in America, the feet of Chinese girl babies are put in compresses until their growth has been stunted.

Travelers in China have described the attempt of Chinese women to walk as something very painful. No one would be shocked at Mrs. Yang Ju's pedestrian style. It is true, the interpreter of the legation tells me, that in the southern provinces of China women's feet are dwarfed, but it is only in the southern provinces that small feet are considered a mark of aristocracy.

Mrs. Yang Ju's feet were never put through the dwarfing process. Neither are the feet of her children undergoing that painful operation. The little tots run about the legation halls freely, and on the day when I was there one of them took a long peep at me through the doorway of the reception room when I was not supposed to be looking in that direction. This little fellow was dressed in the gaudy silks which are an invariable feature of the Chinese custom.—Washington Star.

Strange Captivity.

The springbok of South Africa migrate in vast herds, moving in a compact body and carrying everything before them. If a flock of sheep be in the line of march—as it sometimes happens—it is surrounded, enveloped and becomes, willingly or unwillingly, part of the army. An African hunter tells the strange story of seeing a lion in the midst of the antelopes, forced to join the march. It is supposed that the lion had sprung too far for his prey, that those upon whom he alighted recoiled sufficiently to allow him to reach the ground, and then the pressure from both flanks and the rear prevented him from escaping from his strange captivity.

If the springbok travels in such armies, how can those in the middle and rear find food? In this wise: Those in the front ranks, after they have eaten greedily of the pasture, gradually fall out of the ranks to rest, while the hungry ones in the rear come up, and so the columns are all the while changing.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Adirondack Lakes.

One of the most striking phenomena of the Adirondack region is the carrying power of the human voice in still weather upon the lakes great and small. Persons ashore easily hear the ordinary conversation of others who are so far out upon the lake as to be indistinguishable, and as a great many Adirondack visitors habitually violate the law touching the slaughter of deer all such offenders are extremely careful not even to whisper a word that might betray their guilt when rowing upon the lakes.—Exchange.

An Inference.

Cora—You want me to describe my friend, Miss Pleiners? She's a charmingly vivacious and witty girl, an excellent conversationist, accomplished, bright and intellectual.

Tom (disappointed)—Oh, pshaw! Why didn't you tell me she was ugly in the first place.—Chicago Record.

A LUDICROUS DUEL.

The Preacher Chose the Weapons and Vanquished His Bullying Opponent.

One way of combating an evil practice is to make it ridiculous. It was by this means that dueling was stopped in a certain district of Kentucky some 40 years ago. At that time a traveling preacher named Bowman, a strong, muscular man, was conducting a series of religious meetings in Kentucky. At one of them a well known desperate character created a disturbance, and being publicly rebuked by Bowman sent him a challenge to fight.

The preacher's first thought was to treat the matter with silent contempt. Then he reflected that dueling was all too common in that region, and he decided to accept the challenge.

As the challenged party, Bowman had the choice of weapons. He selected a half bushel of large Irish potatoes and stipulated that his opponent must stand 15 paces distant, and that only one potato at a time should be taken from the measure.

The desperado was furious, but Bowman insisted upon his rights as the challenged party and threatened to denounce the fellow as a coward if he made further objections. Seeing no way out of the scrape, the desperado at last consented.

The contest took place on the outskirts of the town, and almost everybody in the place turned out to see the fun. The seconds arranged the two men in position, by the side of each being a half bushel measure filled with good sized potatoes.

Bowman threw the first one. It struck his opponent in a central spot and fell in pieces. A shout of delight went up from the crowd which flurried the desperado, and his potato flew wide of the mark.

Bowman watched his chance, and every time his opoment stooped for a potato another one hit him in the side, leaving a wet spot on his clothes and then scattering on all sides. The fellow was hit in this way five times. Then the sixth potato struck him in the short ribs, and he lay on the grass doubled up with pain and groaning, "Enough!"

The bystanders went wild with delight, but Mr. Bowman looked very sober. The desperado was taken home and put to bed, and there he staid for more than a week, and when he again appeared he was greeted with so many jokes that life was almost a burden to him.

That was the end of dueling in that region.—Family Herald.

The Bahamans.

A most curious utensil of a Bahaman dwelling is a big cement oven, like a cone, at the back of the house. In this the family bread is baked. Bahamans are physiologically starved, and their thin, attenuated forms show it. An unvarying diet of fish and fruit is not nourishing enough, and the fact speaks for itself in these islanders. The white Bahamaids are homely and sallow unless burned so that complexion is a thing of the past. They rarely—some never—wear shoes; hence feet in these latitudes are feet and not merely the ends of legs. I used to gaze in admiration at the feet that daily and nightly visited our schooner. The owners of the appendages could walk where a shod foot could not bear to trod. The skin becomes tougher than leather. Black Bahamans are the finest specimens of the negro race to be seen outside of Africa—strapping fellows with magnificent arms and chests, but they are dreadful beggars and dreadful liars.

It is inconceivable how simple the Bahamans are. I saw old men in Spanish Wells who had never seen a horse, or a cow, or a wheeled vehicle. Nassau is their Mecca. "Why, boy," said Joe Pindar to me (everybody down here is either a Pindar or a Johnson), "Nassau his a city. Hit 'as 6,000 people, hand the streets are so wide carriages kin go along hand leave room for persons to walk hon beach side."—Californian Illustrated Magazine.

The Man of the Moment.

From the modern girl's point of view the man of the moment is not of much account, says Sarah Grand. The instinct of natural selection which inclined her first of all to set him aside for his flabbiness is strengthened now by her knowledge of his character. She knows him better than her parents do, and in proportion as she knows him she finds less and less reason to respect him. The girls discuss him with each other and with younger married women, and out of their discussion is arising a strong distaste for him.

"I'm not going to marry a man I can't respect," "I shan't marry unless I can find a man of honor with no horrid past," and "Don't offer me the mutilated remains of a man," coupled with the names of Tom Jones and Roderick Random, are the commonest expressions of it. And it is in vain for the man of the moment when he marries to hope to conceal the consequences of the past from his wife by assuming a highly refined objection to "allowing" her to read any book that would open her eyes. Manners of the new woman are perfect. She in never aggressive, never argumentative, but she understands the art of self defense and reads what she pleases.

Of Different Types.

The drummer for a Chicago house handling New England trade, who had not seen his good old mother for a long time, recently spent Sunday with her, and when he started away she laid her hand tenderly on his head.

"Goodby, my boy," she said. "Put your trust in Providence, and you will come out all right."

"Pshaw, mamma," he replied; "you don't know that country. Providence is the hardest town to work in the whole of New England," and the good lady was greatly shocked until they had come to a mutual understanding as to what each one was thinking about.—Detroit Free Press.

THERE WAS NO STRING TO IT.

But He Had Abundant Reason Nevertheless to Be Suspicious.

There was a bright new 50 cent piece lying on the pavement on Jefferson avenue, near Griswold street, when a bow backed man with a satchel came along from the depot. He saw the coin while he was yet 20 feet awhy, and he made a sudden forward rush to get it. The movement was almost instantly checked, however, and he walked slowly forward and backed to the curbstone and stood there and gazed at the coin with a foxy look on his countenance. In about a minute a pedestrian came up, saw the coin and reached for it and put it in his pocket. Observing the attitude of the old man at the same time he turned and queried:

"It didn't belong to you, did it?"

"Waal, I swan!" was the reply.

"What's the matter?"

"This is the queerest durned town I ever struck in all my life. I was coming up this street last year about this time when I saw a 50 cent piece lyin jest about here. I made a grab fur it, fell on my nose and rolled all over and finally got up to find that a boy had a string on the money and had pulled it into that doorway."

"And so you were shy of this one?"

"Yaas, I was shy."

"And are half a dollar behind the game?"

"Yaas, I'm half a dollar out. Say, are you in a hurry?"

"Yes—great hurry."

"Wall, I'll hev to find somebody else then. I want to find a feller who'll sot down with me fur about two hours and post me up. I'm comin into Detroit once a week now, and I want to find out what's got strings to it and what's lyin around loose and kin be picked up."—Detroit Free Press.

A Countryman's Suggestion.

A countryman who boarded the fireboat New Yorker at her berth at the Battery the other day was interested to observe the completeness of her equipment for fighting fire along the river front. Her powerful pumps and ingenious arrangements for directing the streams upon burning buildings or into the holds of vessels filled him with admiration. Then he asked the engineer to show him the workings of the searchlight. He took it for granted that there was one and was amazed to learn that there was no electrical plant at all on the boat. This would appear to be a curious deficiency in a boat otherwise perfectly appointed, and it is difficult to see how so obvious a need could have been overlooked in the building of the New Yorker. The countryman's discovery has led to a discussion of the need of a searchlight and may lead to its introduction on the boat. It is admitted that such a light would be of the greatest value to the New Yorker in finding its way at night about among the crowded and tangled slips. It would, moreover, make it possible to direct a powerful light upon the fronts of warehouses, to the very great assistance of the firemen. Electric lights on the boat would also be supplied in place of the old fashioned oil lamps that are now in use.—New York Sun.

How He Wore His Shoes.

"I'll bet any one in the party," Colonel Jack Gambill said to a group of acquaintances one day, "that I did something when a growing boy out in old Tennessee that has never been done by any one before or since."

"What was that, colonel?"

"I wore out my first pair of shoes without both feet being shod at the same time."

"Explain."

"You see, it was this way. Shoes were a novelty to me. The shoemaker was slow, and I was impatient, as all boys are, for a new thing. He finished one of the shoes on a Saturday and told me I would have to wait another week for its fellow. I couldn't stand that, so I took the one shoe and wore it to such an extent that when I went for the other I had to leave the first one for repairs. It went on this way week after week, and somehow I never could bring that pair of shoes together on my feet. The family was too poor to think of buying me an additional pair. Odd thing, wasn't it, to have one foot in leather and paddling the hoof with the other? Boys'll do queer things sometimes."—San Francisco Call.

The Natural Death.

The natural death is no utopian dream. Both longevity and euthanasia are within the reach of mankind. Not a few have already secured both, while many more may find them. I have seen the man. He was old. He had neither pain, anger nor sorrow. Finally his intellect began to lose its power. His ambition changed to a desire for repose. His ideas of space, time and duty lingered for a moment, then passed away. Step by step his powers waned. Happily, painlessly, carelessly the moments flew. The merry sounds of youth at play and the hum of the busy world only rocked him gently to sleep. On and on he passed until his intellect ceased and consciousness was no more. This is the true euthanasia. It suggests no terror; it inflicts no pain; it brings no agony.—Dr. J. Hobart Egbert in Dietic and Hygienic Gazette.

Kissing.

It was a woman of the world who said: "Kissing is like any other intoxicant; once you cultivate a taste for it there is no such thing as getting enough of it." And it was a young matron with a heart full of love for her firstborn who declared in the very face of the crusty old doctor's learned objections to kissing that as long as there were mothers and babies in the world there would be kissing ad libitum.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Comforting.

Patient—Well, doctor, how's my lung?

Doctor—Pretty fair—it will last as long as you live.—Hallo.

THEY SWORE OFF.

When He Resumed His Little Vice, She Took Up With Her Own.

A prominent young man of this city has been an inveterate cigarette smoker for several years past, and he indulged in the habit to such an extent that it was injuring his health. He has a girl of whom he thinks all the world, and it's a case of vice versa. This young lady has a very good complexion, but has an inordinate love for the use of powder, which habit the young man detests as heartily as she does his cigarette habit. They finally agreed that each would swear off, the one from using powder and the other from smoking cigarettes.

It was hard work for the young man, but every time he hungered for a wad of nicotine his mind pictured the form of his fair one parading down street with her face looking like a pan of dough, and he desisted. This went on for several weeks, and each was remarking how much better the other was looking, but the old craving for the coffin nail came upon the young man once more, and one day last week he broke over. He thought no one would ever find it out, but he was seen, the news was carried to the girl, and she prepared to get even.

They were to go to see a certain popular comedian the last night he was here, and the young man called with a cab. The young lady was at the door, her face closely muffled, and in her hand the bouquet that cost him $5. Arrived at the opera house, they were entering the door when the young man turned to speak to the fair one by his side. Oh, that face! She had smeared it with powder until it had been necessary to cut eyeholes. It was frightful. He stopped. "Are you going in looking like that?"

"Just as you say," was the response.

"Well, I say no. I'm not traveling with freaks now. We'll go back home."

And they did. It cost him $10, there were two vacant seats at the opera house, but the young man has not smoked any cigarettes since.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

The Night For Sleep.

Man, in common with most of the animal creation, has accepted the plain suggestion of nature that the approach of night should imply a cessation of effort. If he ignores this principle, his work is done against inherited habit and so far with additional fatigue. It follows, too, that he must use artificial light and sustain its combustion at the cost of his own atmosphere. Naturally, therefore, when he does rest, his relief is not proportioned to his weariness.

As in many cases, however, sensation is not here the most reliable guide to judicious practice. Established custom affords a far truer indication of the method most compatible with healthy existence. The case of the overworked and the invalid lends but a deceptive color to the argument of the daylight sleeper. In them excessive waste of tissue must be made good, and sleep, always too scanty, is at any time useful for this purpose.

For the healthy majority, however, the old custom of early rest and early waking is certain to prove in future, as returns of longevity and common experience alike show that it has proved in the past, most conducive to health and active life.—London Lancet.

Charity at a Pawnshop.

A man who had been to his uncle's said: "No one can claim that charity is not widely distributed in this city after seeing the contribution boxes that are hung up in conspicuous places in the smaller of the pawnbrokers' shops. The particular relative to whom I spoke of it told me that the little boxes were put up every year about the beginning of the autumn and generally were for the benefit of some Hebrew charity.

"They are taken down just before the holidays, and he said that for the past 10 years the one in his shop had averaged between $12 and $15, mostly in 5 and 10 cent pieces, although once the agent had found a $5 piece in it. 'One doesn't look for much charity among persons who have to pawn their goods,' he said, 'but I've seen the very poorest class of men and women look at the box with interest and then drop something into it.'"—New York Mail and Express.

Trees Five Thousand Years Old.

The oldest as well as the most interesting botanical monuments now growing upon the earth are the baobab or sour gourd trees of Africa. This remarkable tree has a short branching trunk which seldom attains a height of over 70 feet, while its diameter is often as great as 80 or 100 feet. Adanson, the naturalist who gave the genus its botanical name, calculating from scientific data, says that the age of some of the oldest of these trees is little if any short of 5,000 years. The hollow trunks of these forest giants, which are often of a capacity sufficient to furnish room for 40 or 50 bodies, are used as tombs by the native Africans, who suspend the remains of their departed friends and relatives on hooks fastened upon the interior of such trees for that purpose.—St. Louis Republic.

Space.

If there was no dust haze above us, the sky would be black—that is, we would be looking into the blackness of a limitless space. When in fine, clear weather we have a deep rich blue above us, it is caused by a haze. The particles in the haze of the heavens correspond with those of the tube in the koniscope, and the blue color is caused by the light shining through a depth of fine haze.—London Million.

Too Severe.

Police Magistrate—This case shows unusual depravity. The sentence of the court is that the prisoner be confined in jail for 30 days and fed on bread and water.

Penitent Vagrant—Jedge, for heaven's sake, make it jist bread!—Chicago Tribune.

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State Secretary, J F Brennan, 1210 West Chestnut-st, Bloomington, Ill.
State Treasurer, Alex Vaughey, Seneca, Ill.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison-st, at 3 p m.
County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 520 W. Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—John J. Conroy, Pres, 116 Sherman street; J J Adamson, V-P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 573 S Ashland av; C. McLaughlin, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div. 3—Luke H Lyons, Pres, 193 W North av; James Cullinan, V-P; James Perkins, Rec Sec, 586 Elston av; E S Hanrahan, Fin Sec; M Naughton, Treas.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Corcoran, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av & Union-st.

Div 5—Patrick Coghlan, Pres, 169 Forquer st; Michael Punch, ; M O'Reilly, V-P; R S, 636 Baker av; T Cullinane, F S; John Beegan, Treas. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Monday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4205 Wentworth av; Michael Reilly, V-P; M D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33d st; James Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Vernia hall, 47th st near Halsted, 1st Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 235 Van Buren st; John Byrne, V-P; Thomas Foley, Rec Sec, 2716 Bonfield st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

Div 8—M A Concannon, Pres, 41 Wendel st; M A Doyle, V P; D J Mahony, R S, 117 E Erie st; P J O'Sullivan, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Abern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Elgeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—Timothy Bourke, Pres, 4750 S Ashland av; James Small, V-P; James Brannegan, R S, 5020 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagan, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—M F Lynch, Pres, 520 W Erie st; J F Walsh, V P; Jos Lamb, Rec Sec, 520 W Erie st; H J Bradshaw, Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4507 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4326 Wentworth-av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 13—J E Long, Pres, 2391 Archer av; P F Conway, V P; M J Moran, Rec Sec, 3133 Archer av; M W Williams, Fin Sec; M J Hogan, Treas.

Div 14—Jas Noonan, Pres; Austin Clark, V P; John Prendergast, Rec Sec; Edward Rogers, Fin Sec; J W McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div 15—John McGuire, Pres, 5200 Centre av; Thomas Swift, V P; Patrick J McCarthy, Rec Sec, 5158 Aberdeen st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; John T Kenny, Treas. Meet N E corner 51st and Peoria sts, 1st Thursday each month.

Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 5822 Justine st; James Took, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 1609 Ashland av; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; Patrick Carroll, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday each month at 3 p m in Burk's hall, 5252 Ashland av.

Div 17—Michael S Finnegan, Pres; L Henely, V-P; P B Flanagan, R S, 3623 Fifth av; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third-sts.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4633 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 839 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael Kennedy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, VP; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; Jno Waters, F S; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Thomas P O Donovan, Pres, 135th st, Kensington; Philip J O Reilly, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, Box 854, Pullman; Patrick Keyes, Fin Sec; William Carroll, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Pullman.

Div. 30—Thomas Beelan, Pres, Cummings, Ill.; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hartnett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 829 Thirty-seventh st; Thos Kelley, V P; Jas Gannon, R S, 3756 Union av; Michael Hughes, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at p m in Burk's hall, Thirty-fifth st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6833 Stoney Island av; J J Healy, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 3d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th-st.

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President, J H Carmody, 223 Ladin st; V-P, D J Solon; R Sec, J B Wilmot, 418 E Superior st; Fin Sec, L A Vore; Treas, P J Kennedy; Knight Commander, M J O'Brien; V-Kt Comdr, John Tobin; Sentinel-Arms, John Cody. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

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ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres, 434 W. Ohio-st.; James M. Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 600 W. Huron-st.; P. J. Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. B. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T. Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana-sts.

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Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George N Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo O Symon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Creak, C R, 93 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 529 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 27 West Eighteenth-st; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Hiaman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 183 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Daka, C R, 1823 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4033 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Howson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McManus, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Heyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3330 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2926 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas Dr John B McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Quealy's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a ; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 558 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Mingue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Malvihill, C R, 326 Fifty-fourth st; John Motz, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5473 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1065 W 57th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas. William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 891 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Greper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 918 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 409 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 32nd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 88 W 13th st; R S Julius Ealer, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Monday at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 425 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Foley, 5729 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becktug, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2960 Joseph st; R S, T T Prattle, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in

H.R.EAGLE

The following prices are for this week only, and we make this reduction to enable us to reduce our stock:

Pure Ground Mustard, per lb	7 cents
Fancy Elgin Creamery Butter, per lb	16 cents
8 lbs Crushed Coffee	90 cents
9 lbs Ground Coffee for	$1.00
5 lbs Roasted Rio Coffee for	$1.00
4 lbs After-Dinner Java Coffee for	$1.00
50-cent Teas, all kinds	33 cents
Fancy New Crop Uncolored Japan Tea, per lb	19 cents
New Crop Japan Tea Dust, per lb	5 cents
2-lb box Soda, Oyster or Butter Crackers for	79 cents
Ginger Snaps, 6 cents per lb, 4 lbs for	20 cents
25 lbs Granulated Sugar for	$1.00
2 lbs Baking Powder for	19 cents
8 lbs California L. M. Raisins for	24 cents
10 lbs New English Currants for	19 cents
6 cakes Sweet Chocolate for	16 cents
1-lb packages Imported Vermicelli	5 cents
Bulk Imported Macaroni, per lb	5 cents
1-lb packages Best Corn Starch	3½ cents
10 lbs White or Yellow Cornmeal	15 cents
German Lentils, per lb	3 cents
Pint bottles Mixed Pickles, Chow Chow, White Onions or Gherkins, per bottle	7 cents
New Tomato Catsup, per bottle, 6 cents; per gallon	35 cents
Best Imported Table Raisins, per lb	6 cents
California Dried Apricots, per lb	3½ cents
California Evaporated Pears, per lb	6 cents
Allcock's Porous Plasters	9 cents
All-Bristle Flat Wall Paint Brushes	12 cents
Round All-Bristle Paint Brushes	19 cents
Ladies' Pocket Knives, each	9 cents
Boys' Stout Pocket Knives	15 cents
Extra Quality Pocket Knives	25 cents
Wire Potato Mashers	3 cents
Whitewash Brushes	at ½ cost
12 packages Carpet Tacks	7 cents
10 rolls Frank's Chicory	9 cents
100 "Shaker" Pipes for	19 cents
Household Ammonia, per bottle	5 cents
Knock 'Em Stiff Rat Poison, per box	5 cents
California Dried Lima Beans, per lb	4 cents
Flake Tapioca, per lb	4 cents
Toilet Paper, per roll	3 cents
Bixby's Royal Polish for Ladies' Shoes	3 cents
Whole Clove, per lb	6½ cents
Tip Top Condensed Milk, per can	8 cents
2-lb cans Pie Peaches	5 cents
3-lb cans Pie Peaches	7 cents
3-lb cans Table Peaches	10 cents
1-lb cans California Salmon	7 cents
2-lb cans California Apricots	10 cents
3-lb cans California Grapes	7 cents
3-lb cans Lusk's Green Gages	10 cents
2-lb cans Sliced Pineapples	10 cents
2-lb cans Table Blackberries	6½ cents
2-lb cans Sweet Sugar Corn	5 cents
2-lb cans Early June Peas	6 cents
1-lb cans Mackerel	8 cents
Imported Sardines in good oil	9 cents
2-lb cans Cove Oysters	12 cents
12 packages Vegetable Seeds for	1 cent
3-lb cans Fancy California Peaches	11 cents
2-lb cans Baby Corn—fancy, tender and sweet	8 cents
2-lb cans Clover Leaf Sliced Pineapples	11 cents
Mourning Note Paper, per box	5 cents
Liquid Shoe Blacking, per bottle	3 cents
Gallon Bottles Fancy Mixed Pickles, per bottle	29 cents
Half-Pint Bottles Worcestershire Sauce	7 cents
27-Ounce Bottle Spanish Queen Olives	17 cents
Imposted French Capers, per bottle	7 cents
Prepared French Mustard, per bottle	3 cents
American Olive Oil, per bottle	5 cents

SOAP.

	Per Bar.	Per Box.
Coke, Oval Bars, 100 in box	3 cents	$2.90
Standard, 60 bars, 60 lbs	4 cents	$2.39
Best Family, 60 bars, 60 lbs	5 cents	$3.00
German Mottled, 60 bars, 60 lbs	5 cents	$3.00
Babbitt's, 12-ounce, 100 bars	4 cents	$4.00

WASHING POWDER, ETC.

Small Pearline	3½ cents
Large Pearline	9 cents
Small "1776"	3½ cents
Large "1776"	9 cents
Small "Amoline"	3½ cents
Largh "Amoline"	9 cents
Klenzine	2½ cents
Gall-Gallon Bottles Bluing	20 cents
6-lb boxes Best Laundry Starch	35 cents
Sapolio, per cake	6½ cents

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Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

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98-lb Bags, each - $1.75

Purcell's Best St. Louis Winter Wheat, brl...$3.25
Bohemian Rye Flour, per brl...$2.95

CIGARS.

Edna, 50 in Box	39 cents
Crown Jewel, 50 in box	49 cnets
Confidence, 50 in box	50 cents
Key West Beauties, 50 in box	55 cents
La Rosa, 50 in box	59 cents
La Favorite, 25 in box	39 cents
Spanish Five, 50 in box	65 cents
Porto Rico, 50 in box	75 cents
Our Eagle, 50 in box	$1.40
Manuel Garcia, 50 in box	$1.65
Havana Belle, 50 in box	75 cents
Cleopatra, 50 in box	95 cents
La Norma, 50 in box	$1.00
Spanish Make, 50 in box	85 cents
Don Antonio, 50 in box	65 cents
La Gloria, 50 in box	60 cents
Havana Tobies, 100 in box	75 cents

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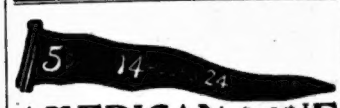

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No. 8 Wash-Boilers, heavy copper bottoms, best tin, each...50 cents
No. 9 Wash-Boilers, heavy copper bottoms, best tin, each...65 cents
No. 8 extra quality copper rim Wash-Boilers, very best tin, each...65 cents
No. 9 extra quality, copper rim Wash-Boilers, very best tin, each...75 cents
No. 8 extra quality, double tin, heavy copper rim and bottom, each..78 cents
No. 9 extra quality, double tin, heavy copper rim and bottom, each..88 cents
No. 8 regular galvanized best quality Wash-Boilers, each...60 cents
No. 9 regular galvanized best quality Wash-Boilers, each...65 cents
"Eagle's Pride," all-solid copper Wash-Boilers, No. 8, best made, each..$1.30
"Eagle's Pride," all-solid copper Wash-Boilers, No. 9, best made, each..$1.50

Great Bread Box Sale.

Fancy Japanned Boxes at 50c on the dollar.

Fancy Japanned Boxes, small...29 cents
Fancy Japanned Boxes, medium..39 cents
Fancy Japanned Boxes, large...49 cents

Crockery Sale.

Decorated ware cheaper than plain white common crockery. Take advantage of this sale and fill up your cupboards with nichly decorated crockery at less price than you will ever have another chance to do it again.

100-piece Dinner Sets, handsomely decorated in several colors and patterns, worth $10 per set, our price, set...$5.88
56-piece Tea Sets, several colors and patterns, worth really double this money, our price, per set...$2.98
5-inch Decorated Plates, each...5 cents
6-inch Decorated Plates, each...6 cents
7-inch Decorated Plates, each...7 cents
Nicely Colored Tumblers, this sale only, each...3 cents
Handsome Fluted Lemonade Tumblers, per ½ doz...22 cents
White Sugar Bowls, large size..9 cents

We show an elegant line of Ladies' Work Baskets, and to make them move we will sell to you a 15c basket for 8c, a 25c basket for 15c, a 40c basket for 21c, a 50c basket for 29c, a $1 basket for 39c each.

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Ladies' Fine Overgaiters, in all sizes, former price 75c, going for...39 cents
Glycerole Shoe Dressing for Ladies' Fine Shoes, selling everywhere for 25c, going at...9 cents
Boys' Veal Calf Shoes, a solid leather shoe, all sizes, lace or button..98 cents
Ladies' Tan Oxfords, Piccadilly last, in all sizes...89 cents
Ladies' Fine Dongola Oxford Ties, widths B, C and D, sizes 2, 2½, 3 and 3½, regular $1.50 Oxfords for..75 cents
Ladies' Fine Dongola Shoes, McKay sewed, in all sizes, C and D widths, good value at $3.00, going at...$1.98
Men's Cordovan Shoe, a good-looking and desirable shoe, in all sizes, a good value at $2.00, going this week for...$1.25
Men's Fine Hand-Sewed Calfskin Shoes, in the latest narrow square toe, tip or plain, a $5.00 shoe for...$2.75
Men's Tan Shoes, hand-sewed, made of genuine calfskin, in narrow square toe, top, a State-st. $5 shoe, for...$2.75

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